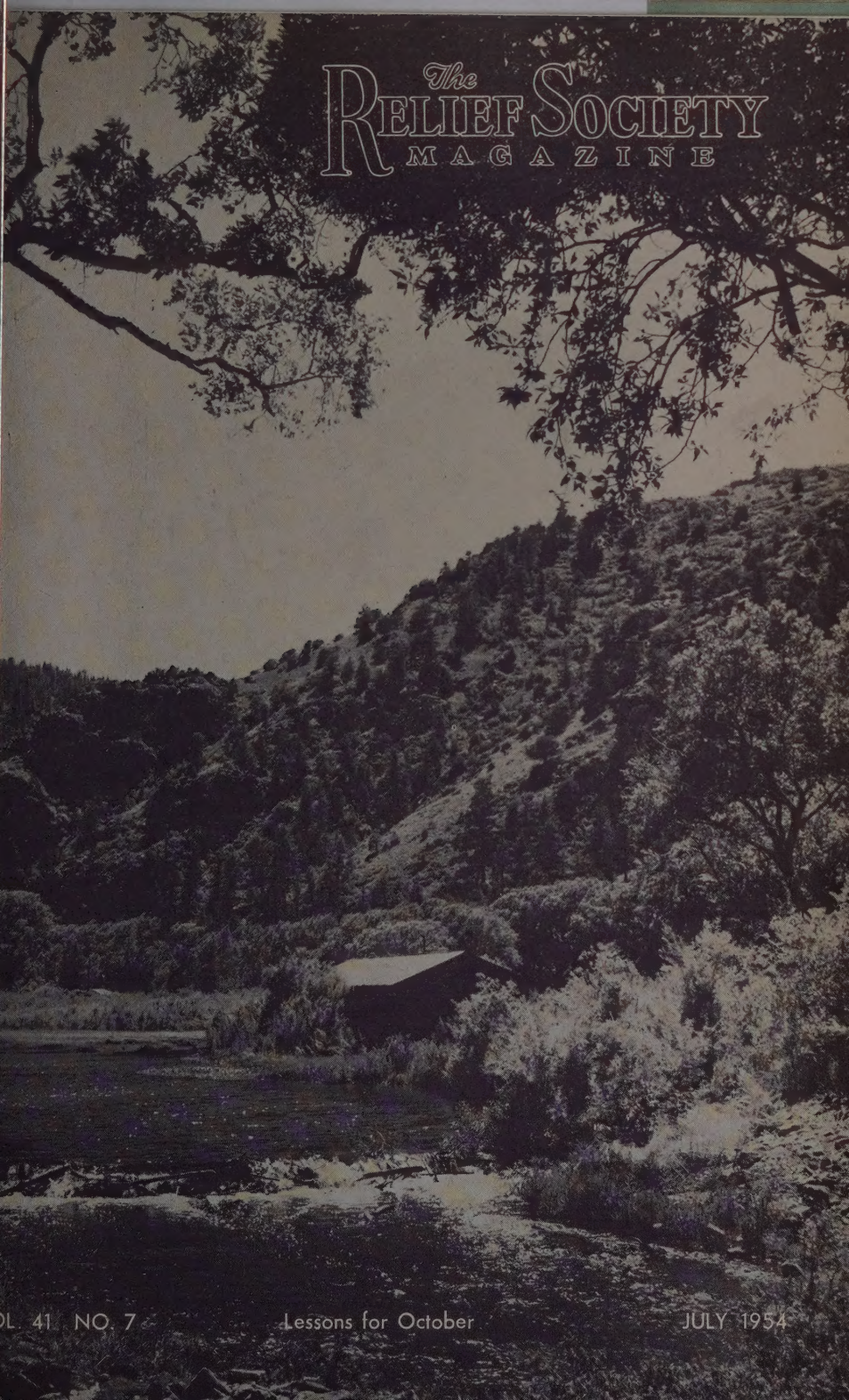

OL. 41 NO. 7 Lessons for October JULY 1954

Beautiful As Lace

Hazel Loomis

Lace fell like laughter from her fingers
Ethereal, gossamer designed.
But oh, the love, the thoughts, the dreams,
That went before; how disciplined the mind;
For she made lace of everything in earth and sky:
Of wagon wheels; of dust behind the plow;
Staccato beat of horses' hoofs; of toilers going home;
Of cooking, gardening, scrubbing floors; of friends.
But what of toil and sweat and grime? Of living on the plains?
"Exquisite," Lizzie said, "when you make lace of it."

Her kettle pot was boiling all the time;
No one left her house not warmed and fed
And feeling good inside;
For she made lace of puddings, cakes, and pies,
Of meats and bread.
No one left a kitchen more content
And satisfied.
Better than food, her smile,
Her elegance and grace,
Rarer than Eden—
Delicate as lace.

Lace was her parlor—the very heart of lace.
The broken threads, the sick, the sorrowing
Came to her with crusts.
"Make lace of these," they pitying cried, "a thread is left."
"Yes, yes," she resolutely went to work.
She gave her heart, her strength, her all.
With mended threads she made lace
More beautiful than before.
They came and went with miles of thread;
She mended all who wore a pathway to her door.
They came with crusts
And from their crusts she fashioned lace.

The Cover: Along the Cimarron River, Below Eagle Nest Lake, New Mexico
Photograph by Don Knight

Frontispiece: Sego Lilies, Photograph by Elizabeth Larsen

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

Today, as soon as the *Magazine* arrived, I read the last chapter of "The Deeper Melody." This story has lifted me to higher realms. I am a better man for having read it. (My wife has noted some improvement and is wondering why.) . . . Seldom, if ever, have I read a story in which I've waited so impatiently for the next installment, yet while waiting have had a delicious morsel to think about. Thanks to the editor and the author, Alice Morrey Bailey.

—J. Sedley Stanford
Logan, Utah

It was thrilling to open *The Relief Society Magazine* today and read the article "The Birth of a Heritage — The Gospel in England" (May 1954). As a former Prestonian, it brought back many memories of the town of my birth. Ever since I joined the Church it has thrilled me to think that our town played such a big part in the first missionary endeavor (in England), and it amazes me to think of the courage that first group of missionaries had, to cross the Atlantic and set foot on foreign soil. It has also been my good fortune to find that one of my grandfathers joined the Church and was baptized by Orson Hyde two months after that first group of missionaries arrived in Preston. I am so glad Sister Scott wrote this article and you printed it. I am proud to know Sister Scott and her family. She is doing an outstanding work and is a stalwart member of the Preston Branch.

—Emeline Foster
Brigham City, Utah

I am receiving *The Relief Society Magazine* as a Christmas gift from my sister. I have thanked her many times for her good gift to me. I find complete enjoyment from the beautiful, pictorial covers and in the pages of lessons, poems, and stories. A nicer Christmas gift cannot be found.

—Ruth A. Droz
Grand Coulee, Washington

Somewhere in each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* I find a message that seems to have been prepared especially for me.

—Mary M. Long
Montrose, Colorado

Mabel M. Hammer, social science class leader in Santa Monica Ward, California, conducted a patriotic poem-writing project. The following is one of the poems submitted:

A Pledge, A Song, A Prayer

"I pledge allegiance to my flag . . ."
My own child's voice above the rest I hear
In eager effort, trying now
To learn, for it is her first year.

She has learned new words . . .
We had never heard her speak of loyalty before,
Nor of liberty,
Nor of justice, nor of peace or war . . . .

She adds another line now
To the prayer she has always said,
"God, please bless America."
Humbly, gratefully, I bow my head.

—Hermoine Sanderson

The poem "Mother Love," by Hannah C. Ashby in the May issue of the *Magazine* is a lovely appreciation of motherhood and makes excellent reading for a Mother's Day program. I read this selection as a musical reading to my son's accompaniment with a friend in a trumpet duet on Mother's Day in our ward, and it was enjoyed by many mothers, fathers, and children.

—Joyce P. Christensen
Murray, Utah

I certainly appreciate and enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* from cover to cover, and I always look for a familiar name in "From Near and Far." What wonderful and inspiring stories are in the *Magazine*. I especially look for the name of Dorothy Clapp Robinson, as she was stake social science leader in Boise, Idaho, when we lived in Melba.

—Stella Armstrong
President, Grant's Pass Relief Society
Klamath Stake, Oregon

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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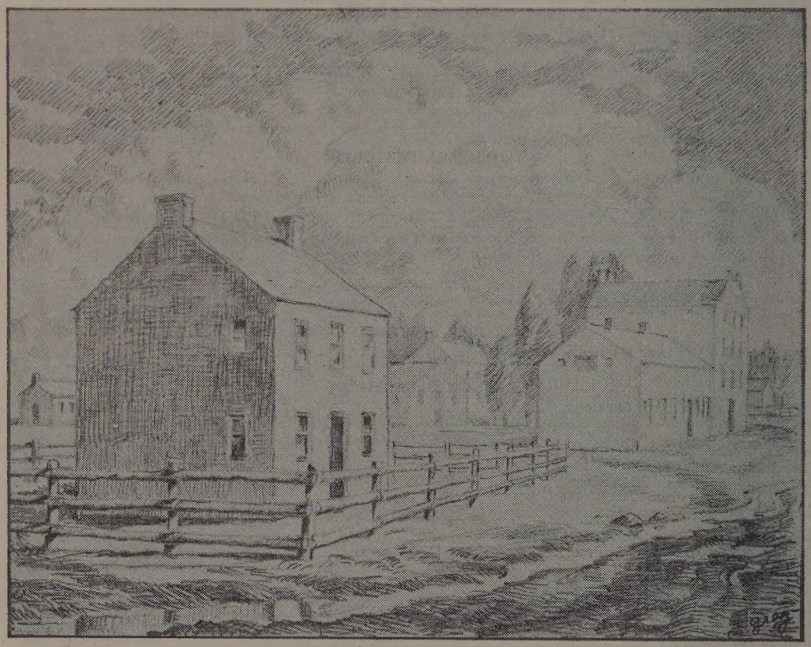
"In the Shadow of the Temple"

The Site of the New Relief Society Building

Preston Nibley

THE plot of ground on which the new Relief Society Building is being constructed, has an interesting history which dates back to the very beginning of the settlement of Salt Lake City.

When President Brigham Young and the pioneers arrived in Salt Lake Valley in July 1847, they soon located a site for a city, and on August 2d the work of surveying the city into streets and blocks was be-



HOME OF BISHOP NEWEL K. WHITNEY ON THE CORNER OF NORTH TEMPLE AND MAIN STREET, SITE OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Bishop Whitney, the second Presiding Bishop of the Church, built this home in the fall of 1848 or the summer of 1849. He died September 23, 1850. Three years later, in the summer of 1853, the artist Fredrick Piercy visited Salt Lake City and from a location on North Main Street sketched a part of the rapidly growing city, including the Whitney Home. This sketch is here reproduced by Richard Gregersen for *The Relief Society Magazine*. The building at right is the old Tithing Office.

OLD HOMES OF THE HORACE K. WHITNEY FAMILY, FACING ON NORTH TEMPLE STREET, FORMERLY STANDING ON THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING SITE

At the left, the home of Helen Mar Kimball Whitney. Apostle Orson Ferguson Whitney was reared in this house. The center house was the home of Lucy Bloxom Whitney, and the house on the right was the home of Mary Cravath Whitney, mother of Horace G. Whitney, who was general manager of *The Deseret News* for twenty-five years.

gun. Five days later the work had been so far completed that President Brigham Young and the Twelve gathered on the Temple Block "to select their inheritances." The history tells us that "President Young selected the block east of the Temple, and running southeast, to settle his friends around him."

One of the friends whom he desired to have settle near him was Newel K. Whitney, the Presiding Bishop of the Church. Bishop Whitney did not make the trip westward with the first pioneers. At the request of President Young, he had remained in Winter Quarters to look after the affairs of the saints while the President was absent seeking a new location for his people in the West.

President Young and the Twelve returned to Winter Quarters in the fall of 1847. The next year they led a great group of people, almost 5,000 in number, to Salt Lake Valley. Among these people was Bishop Newel K. Whitney. It is evident that President Young gave him the northwest corner of "the block east of the Temple," which he had reserved for himself and friends, as Orson F. Whitney informs us that his grandfather, Bishop Whitney, located on this ground in the fall of 1848.

Bishop Whitney built a small adobe home on this property, eith-

er in the fall of 1848 or the summer of 1849. Soon the property became known as the Whitney corner. Unfortunately, Bishop Whitney did not live long to enjoy the freedom which the saints found in Salt Lake City. He died suddenly, after a brief illness, on September 23, 1850.

Three years later, during the summer of 1853, an artist by the name of Frederick Piercy visited Utah, and, from a location on North Main Street, he made a drawing of the young and growing city as it lay before him in the summer sunlight. The Whitney corner is plainly visible in this drawing, and we have reproduced it here for the benefit of the readers of *The Relief Society Magazine*. Thus, one hundred years ago, a humble adobe dwelling stood on the ground where the beautiful Relief Society building is now being constructed.

The next to build homes on the Whitney corner was Horace K.

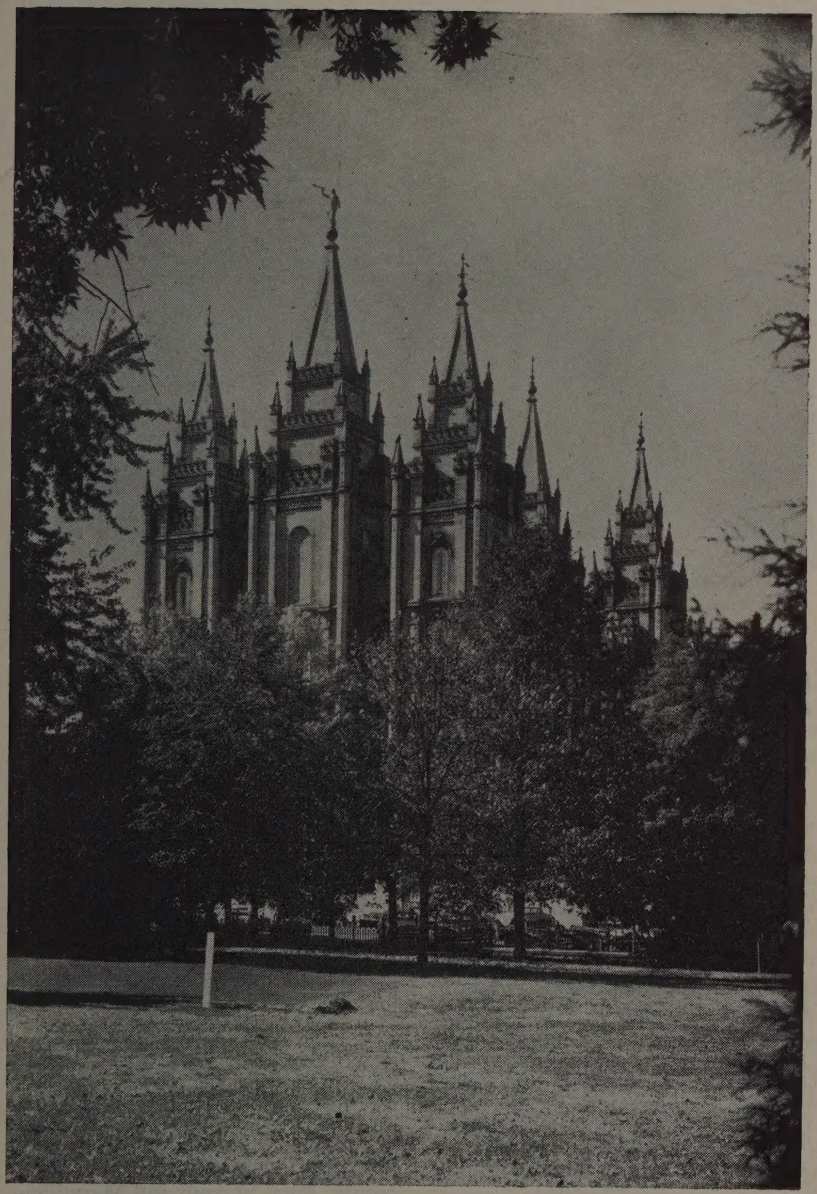
Courtesy *The Deseret News*

THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY AT THE EXCAVATION FOR THE SUBBASEMENT OF THE NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

February 10, 1954

Standing in the foreground at the right, left to right: Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; President Belle S. Spafford; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen. The women are facing southwest towards the temple.

The building in the right background is the Joseph F. Smith Memorial Building, and in the left background may be seen establishments on the north side of North Temple Street.



Hal Rumel

SOUTH END OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING SITE

Looking southwest towards the temple on Main Street, between North Temple Street and South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The two white stakes mark the southeast and southwest corners of the building.

Hal Rumel

BEGINNING OF CONSTRUCTION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

February 16, 1954

The placement of the first forms for the concrete walls of the subbasement may be seen at the left (northeast corner of the building), immediately adjoining the steps of the Joseph F. Smith Memorial Building. Other buildings in the circle are, left to right: The Latter-day Saints Business College, Barratt Hall, and the Brigham Young Memorial Building. Hotel Utah may be seen in the background at the right.

Note the ladder placed against the south wall of the excavation, and the service road sloping down to the center of the workings, used for transporting materials for the building.

Whitney, son of Bishop Whitney. This exceptional young man came to Utah in July 1847 with the first group of pioneers; later he set the type for the first number of the *Deseret News*, issued in June 1850. For many years he was a member of the Salt Lake Theatre Orchestra, and during his entire residence in Utah, he was a bookkeeper in the office of President Brigham Young.

THE first wife of Horace K. Whitney, whose home was located on this property, was Helen Mar Kimball Whitney, eldest daughter of Heber C. Kimball, and a remarkable woman in her own right. For many years she was a prominent Relief Society worker in Utah, and a writer of considerable ability. She was the mother of Orson F. Whitney, brilliant writer, poet, orator and apostle.

Two other wives of Horace K. Whitney lived on the Whitney corner, Lucy Bloxom and Mary Cravath. Mary Cravath's son, Horace G. Whitney, general manager of the *Deseret News* for twenty-five

Hal Rumel

THE PROGRESS OF CONSTRUCTION

May 19, 1954

This photograph is taken from the north wall, looking south towards Hotel Utah, with the temple spires at the extreme right. Workmen are shown finishing the ceiling of the subbasement (floor of the ground story). In the foreground may be seen the forms for the cement wall of the ground story. The elevator shaft is in the center of the picture.

years, was one of the finest characters Utah has produced, a business man, a literary man, and a loyal adherent of the Church.

The three Horace K. Whitney homes faced North Temple Street, and a picture of them is reproduced here, taken before they were torn down and destroyed, about 1900, to make way for the L. D. S. College.

The first building constructed after the Church acquired the Whitney corner, in 1900, was the one now known as L. D. S. Business College, erected in 1901. In 1902, Mrs. Matilda M. Barratt donated the money to build Barratt Hall, in memory of her son Samuel M. Barratt. In 1903, the Brigham Young Memorial Building was erected on the south side of the campus, and the Joseph F. Smith Memorial Building was constructed in 1919. All of these buildings remain in use.

Now, "in the shadow of the temple," on the northwest corner of the block to the east of the temple, where a hundred years ago, pioneers established their homes, the walls of the Relief Society Building rise higher each day. The building will be substantial, beautiful, and ade-

quate for the work of administering the affairs of Relief Society. It will exemplify the strength, the steadfastness, the work, and the message of the worldwide sisterhood — the Relief Society, the great organization which is destined to bless and exalt all womankind.

Ode to a Deserted Cottage

Norma Parkinson Post

Tired, old, forgotten, it stands
With broken, cobwebbed windows
Like bleary, sightless eyes,
Mute evidence of age and desolation.
What lives, what happy thoughts,
Were born, have lived . . . and died here?
Did childish faces press against the panes,
Panes shining from the care of loving hands,
Save where small hands pressed moistly
While waving farewell to some departing loved one?
Through sagging door and open hearth
Time and seasons each has left its gifts
Of dust and leaves, soft blanketings of snow,
With kindly thought to hide the scars of age.
Alone it stands, untenanted, save for some
Sly, mischievous, curious squirrel, which,
Searching for nuts, scampers fearlessly
Across its doorsill, stops, sniffs, departs
With disdainful flirt of fluffy tail;
Or gorgeous painted butterfly,
Winged spirit to some fair departed flower
Fluttering aimlessly through its empty eyes,
Flutters, and is gone, taking with it
That brief ray of sunshine and life, leaving,
Once more, loneliness and gloom of memory.

The Birthday

Helen Hooper

EMILY heard the front door open and was pleased. Never, she reflected, had that door been locked in all the years since Thomas had built the house and brought her here as a bride. The unlocked door was a symbol of security in this valley of the mountains.

She listened to the footsteps coming through the long front hall. She felt sure it was some of the children come to visit. She loved to have them come, for grandchildren and great-grandchildren were all dear to her heart, and it eased her mind when she could see for herself that they were well and happy.

They entered the dining room, where she lay on the couch by the window. It was her grandson Eugene and his family. She tried to sit up to welcome them.

"Here, let me help you, Grandma." Helen hurried over and slipped her arm under the frail shoulders, and said, "Gene, come turn her feet around, please. There, right on the footstool. Is the pillow comfortable here, Grandma? Spencer, dear, couldn't you wait until Grandma gets settled before you kiss her?"

The little boy had climbed up on the couch, and his lips were loving against the soft, withered cheek. "Grandma, will you be a hundred next week?" he asked.

Young Eugene pushed forward and pressed a kiss on the other cheek before she could answer. "Grandma, how does it feel to be nearly a hundred?" he asked.

She looked at him anxiously. He was frail like his grandfather had been as a boy, and she worried about him the same way she had worried about Albert. Today he looked better—he seemed to have gained a little weight.

Reassured, she answered them both together, "I will be one hundred years old next week, dears, and I don't feel any different at all."

Her happy smile took in the others, too, and Carolyn stepped close. Leaning forward, she kissed the wrinkled forehead and said, "We ought to have a big birthday party for you, Grandma."

Emily smiled, but answered firmly, "No, dear, I wouldn't like a party. Parties are for young girls. How old are you, now, dear?"

"I'm fifteen," Carolyn answered.

Emily nodded. "Fifteen is the time to have parties." She included them all in her glance, as they seated themselves around her. "I remember how much I wanted to go to a dancing party on my fifteenth birthday. It was a special dancing party celebrating the Fourth of July, but it was my birthday, too. The captain had passed the word along as the wagon train closed in the big circle to make camp for the night. While my sister Lizzie and I started to get the supper ready, I told her I was going to ask father to let me go."

* * * * *

EMILY looked at the faces around her, but they seemed to have changed, somehow. Her grandson's pleasant face seemed to have taken on the stern, purposeful look of her

father, and Carolyn's laughing blue eyes belonged to Lizzie, as she stirred the corn-meal mush and whispered, "Wait until father has had his supper, before you ask him. As soon as we get the children washed and in bed, I'll put your hair up for you."

Delighted, Emily fingered the braids hanging loosely over her shoulders, and in her mind's eye she could suddenly see herself with high-piled hair transformed into a grown-up young lady, dancing, laughing, weaving in and out in the glow from the campfires, while the fiddle sang the melodies of enchantment.

"P-s-s-st," Lizzie's whisper urged her sharply back to reality. "Get busy, here comes Father."

She began automatically to do the necessary chores. In spite of the natural fatigue from the long hours of walking over the dusty, heat-shimmering plain, her toes tingled with the urge to dance, and she hummed softly while she worked.

She gathered the younger children into a circle for family prayer, and then helped Lizzie serve up bowls of hot corn-meal mush and sizzling slices of salt pork. After they had eaten, she started the nightly ritual of scrubbing the young ones clean and tucking them in bed, while Lizzie washed the dishes and cared for Mother and the new baby in the wagon.

All the while a part of her consciousness was focused on her father, trying to impress him with the competence and mature ability of an added year.

She crawled out from under the wagon with a final warning to the boys, and stood by the inside front wheel. A feeling of gaiety and excitement seemed to pervade the entire circle, and Brother Jonas was already tuning up his fiddle.

Suddenly she couldn't wait another minute. She stepped up on the hub of the wheel, holding onto the seat where her father sat talking quietly to her mother, who was inside the dark interior of the wagon.

"Father . . . ."

He turned and looked at her. "Yes, Emily?"

"Father . . . ." Her heart was fluttering, and felt as big as a bucket inside the small frame of her ribs. Her voice was thick with longing. "Father, I'm fifteen today—a whole year older. May I go to the dance with Lizzie tonight?"

There was a silence while her father deliberated. At last he said, "You are growing up, Emily, learning to do a woman's work."

He paused again, and she urged him on, "Yes, Father?"

"There is more to being a woman than you realize, child. We'll wait another year. Sixteen is soon enough to start dancing with the grown-ups."

HER fluttering heart stopped, and was encompassed in a vast ache of disappointment. As she jumped to the ground, she heard her mother's voice ineffectually consoling. She seized a bucket and headed toward the bushes bordering the creek a little distance beyond the circle of wagons. A moment later Lizzie joined her.

"No use fretting, pet," Lizzie sympathized, with the superior wisdom of nearly two years. "It will be all the more gay for the waiting."

"I don't want to wait! It isn't fair!" Emily's disappointment

burst into anger. "I'm old enough to do everything but have fun."

They reached the creek, and, tucking up her skirts, Emily waded out to where the stream was swift and clear, before filling her bucket. The water and sand were soothing and cool to her feet. She turned back and sat on the bank and let the water lave them with rippling gentleness.

The bushes behind her rustled softly in the night breeze, and here and there she could hear the soft call of the night birds.

Lizzie, taking advantage of the darkness, had unfastened her bodice and begun to scrub herself industriously.

Emily's tears welled up afresh, as she caught the faint gleam of her sister's white skin in the darkness and thought of Lizzie dancing gaily, while she waited alone in her bed under the wagon. She felt unloved and incredibly lonely.

Suddenly their father was beside them. The pressure of his fingers on Emily's shoulder was at once a warning and a command. She arose quickly and walked with him, noting that his other hand was guiding Lizzie. They walked swiftly and without a sound until they reached the circle of wagons.

Safely inside, Emily slowly released her pent-up breath and her troubled eyes searched her father's face. Except for a small tightness around the lips, she could see no difference. His voice was calm as he explained, "There are Indians in the bushes along the creek. The men just brought word."

The short hair at the nape of Emily's neck seemed to rise up and a tingle ran all the way down her spine. *Indians!* She stepped instinctively closer to her father, and he patted her head soothingly for a moment, then he said briefly, "Get to bed, now, lass."

Quickly, and with loving gratitude, she obeyed him.

"WERE they real Indians?" Spencer's excited question jerked Emily's mind instantly back to the present.

"Yes, dear, they were real," she answered.

"Did you get hurt or anything?" asked Eugene.

"No. They stole some of the cattle, but we didn't try to get them back. We didn't want to make the Indians angry," she explained.

"You were lucky. They might have stolen you!" said Eugene.

"Yes, dear, that was why I didn't care any more that I couldn't go to the dance." Her smile, faintly reminiscent, was lovely to see.

Eugene giggled, and Carolyn asked, "Weren't there any good-looking boys that you wanted to dance with?"

"I don't remember any, dear. Not until we went to a dance down in the bowery the next summer," said Emily.

"And that is another story, and we have tired Grandma enough," Helen interposed. "We will go now and let you rest, Grandma, but we'll be back next week to wish you a happy birthday."

A flurry of kisses and they were gone. Emily lay back. It was true, she was tired. She liked having them come, but it was nice and quiet when they left. *One hundred years,* she thought drowsily, and I wouldn't have missed a minute of them, not a single minute.

Tale of the Trail

A VISIT TO PHANTOM RANCH

C. W. McCullough

MANY travelers, who also love music, have enjoyed the lilting, jerky trail picture of the third movement of Ferdi Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite symphony; but few have transposed that graphic music into one of the memorable experiences of their lives. Many tourists have viewed the colorful vistas of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Northern Arizona from the North or South Rims, but if the guest book at Phantom Ranch in the depths of the canyon is a true monitor, only a comparative handful of adventurers have experienced the thrill of seeing the great river there close at hand in its solitary canyon habitat.

Yet the means of achieving this meeting is available at either of the two rim headquarters, both served by excellent highways. A railroad also transports tourists to the South Rim.

The visitation involves intimate acquaintanceship with certain of a fast vanishing American fauna—the long-eared mule. Ironical in the extreme is the fact that this symbol of hard work and endurance, fast driven from even the farm by gasoline-consuming contraptions, should make his last stand as a beast of burden on the cliff trails of the West.

When you sign up for the trip down the Kaibab Trail (from the North Rim) or the Bright Angel Trail (from the South Rim), you not only gain kinship with a mule but you change your name. You lose your "Mr., Miss, or Mrs." title and become simply a *dude*. Not in derision. Being a dude on the Grand Canyon trails is something to live up to, a test of stamina and character, coupled with patience, fortitude, and courage to endure the joltings of your springless conveyance and the contours of a saddle—to say nothing of the trail experience that the park rangers describe as like unto "riding the cornices of the Empire State building."

Being *North Rimmers*, my wife and I took the Kaibab Trail.

That trail!

Designed with cunning cupidity, it leaves the mule corrals to follow a meandering horizontal course through friendly woods until one becomes happily involved in what promises to be a glorious carefree adventure. Feet stretch happily into the stirrups and your whole being responds to the swinging gait of your mount, the musical creak of saddle leather. What a lark!

Then the trail, rounding a curve, abruptly forsakes woodlands and the horizontal to flirt shamelessly with the wide-open spaces and the perpendicular. To meet this particular topography, our Linda, Alice, Mibs, or whatever the mule's name, assumes the accepted angle of a cellar door. In keeping, she lays each foot down with the friendly impact one experiences driving through chuckholes in the desert, except there are no springs in your vehicle, and the shock absorbency of saddle

leather could learn much from automobile cushions.

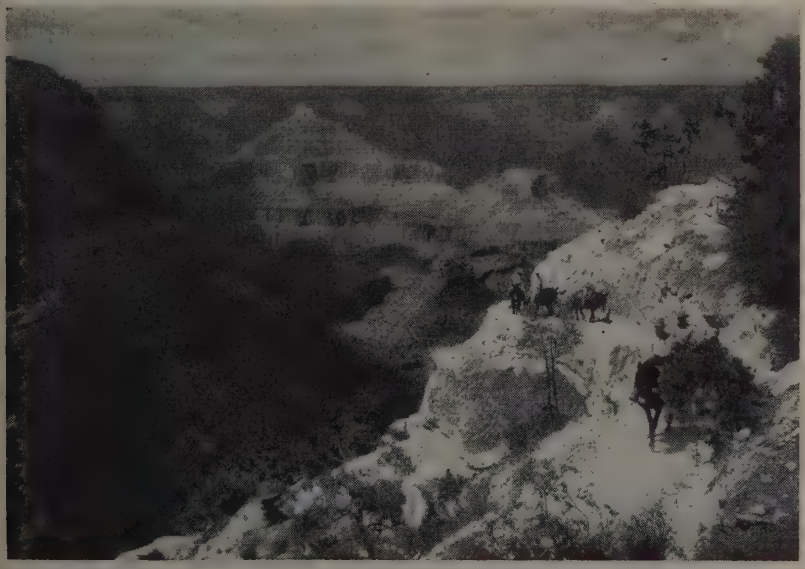
We go catapulting down a dizzy, twisting ledge on a trail only a few feet wide. A rough rock wall snags at our right elbow and knee, while those opposite members swing out over space often a thousand feet deep. Somewhere in the middle (we hope) is the rest of us, though we often doubt it on the sharp curves when either the prow or the stern of Linda, Alice, or Mibs becomes momentarily air-borne.

WE find ourselves doing some unpleasant Monday morning questioning: How did I get involved in this? Why? A few rides on the wife's saddle horse in the pasture back home might have conditioned me physically, if not mentally, for such an ordeal. Witness her sangfroid as she rides ahead chatting with the guide. Being in the middle of the string of dudes, turning back is without feasibility though it offers rosy inducements. Anyway, such vacillations are forestalled by Linda, who insists upon keeping within swishing distance of the tail of the mule ahead.

After seeming hours of shifting vainly in the saddle for some mythical easier spot, we reach the first trail sign: *North Rim*, 1 mile. *Phantom Ranch*, 13.4 miles. Oh, happy day! Only 13.4 miles to go.

Down. Down. Other mileposts drag by. Occasionally our guide calls a rest halt. Whereupon the mules line up in a company front with their rumps to the wall and heads outward that their riders may better enjoy the view. Phooey!

The situation offers one compensation. Once more we have regained the horizontal—then, heed-



Kolb Brothers

TRAIL TO PHANTOM RANCH

less of the dude upstairs, Linda sinks to her knees and, with a forward tilting of her backline, goes all out for a clump of green vegetation far down the canyon wall. The lure of meeting the Colorado in the depths of the canyon becomes submerged by the fear of getting there instantly—over the wall of the precipice. No amount of frantic jerkings on the reins serves to cheat Miss Linda of her mid-morning lunch, which she nibbles at nonchalantly as she hurries to join the rest of the party.

Noontime finds us at the half-way point, Ribbon Falls, where we stop for lunch. A proper appreciation of the beautiful spectacle and the fit-for-a-feast fried chicken is somehow lacking. There is still the other half of the trail to negotiate via the same means of locomotion. But, once more back in the saddle, we find that the steeper parts of the trail are behind us, that the cellar door slopes at a less forbidding angle, and the vistas are more to the liking of a plainsman.

We find ourselves with time and inclination to note another series of trail signs wholly foreign to the dragging mile posts. These chart our swift descent, not in leagues, kilometers, or miles, but in ages and eons of time as we pass through the varied strata of the earth's underpinnings. We seem to rush down through the Permian, Mississippian, the Cambrian, the Algonkian, to the dark and twisted Archean, the great-granddaddy of all earth's rock formations.

SPURRED on by the contemplation of these formations and the geological expose thus afforded us, we experience the thrill of thrills when we come to the sign that reverses the first milepost of the morning: *Phantom Ranch*, 1 mile. *North Rim*, 13.4 miles. Forgotten are the heat, the dust, the rigors of the trail behind. We even bestow a friendly pat upon our long-eared conveyance—and a prodding to hurry her along, as we thread our way through an incredible orchard in bloom and glimpse the buildings of Phantom Ranch.

Arriving, we turn our mules over to the guide, meet the genial manager of the ranch, who assigns us our respective luxurious, air-conditioned cottages. There, we see perhaps the most picturesque swimming pool in the world. To the trail weary, the cool waters fed by Bright Angel Creek are more refreshing to see than any meadow pool which may be reached easily and without peril.

We are still there when the South Rimmers ride in. In a time lapse comparable to ours, they join us. Introductions are exchanged back and forth, and it takes the clang of the dinner bell to rout us from the cool delight of the pool.

After eating, we have the one great achievement to enjoy—to meet Mr. Colorado in his lair, perhaps a half mile below the Lodge. We find him a muddy, snarling, cantankerous creature wholly different from the peaceful glimpse of him we had seen from the rim. Certainly, the man who penned the "Silvery Colorado" song did not gain his inspiration at Phantom Ranch.

Back at the pool, there is an evening of song and conversation, stories of adventure, and tales of rivermen who have braved the rap-

Kolb Brothers

THE POOL AT PHANTOM RANCH

ids of the Colorado in boats. The chairs provided are comfortable enough, but most of the guests choose further to placate protesting anatomies with pillows brought from their cabins. It is hot in the canyon's depths, the climate being actually tropical, but thanks to air-conditioning, a cool night's sleep is enjoyed by all.

In the morning, after breakfast, we team up again with our mules and our guide and say goodbye to lovely Phantom Ranch as we back-track yesterday's journey. Up! Up! Fifty-five hundred feet to the Rim! We pass by those leering mileposts. We climb through those rock ages —Archean, Algonkian, Cambrian, Mississipian, Permian. We re-discover all those aching joints and muscles we thought we had left behind at Phantom Ranch. At four o'clock, we top out at the Rim. My wife, more inured to the ways of the saddle, sighs that it is over. I just sigh.

Somehow, I manage an exit from the saddle. A bus with soft, soft cushions is waiting to take us back to the lodge on the Rim. My wife begins planning a return trip next year. She wonders if we would have the same mules, the same guide. I wondered if she would have the same husband. I'm not sure I can recover from this one trip to Phantom Ranch.

First Ladies of Our Land

WIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

Part V—Conclusion

Elsie C. Carroll

GRACE Goodhue Coolidge (1879 -), only child of Andrew and Lemira B. Goodhue, was born in Burlington, Vermont. She was a teacher in the Clarke School for the Deaf in Northampton, Massachusetts, when she met Calvin Coolidge, who had just finished his law course. After their marriage, October 4, 1905, Grace gave her talents and energies to the art of homemaking and motherhood. Since the State of Massachusetts was without an executive residence, when Calvin Coolidge became Governor, the Coolidges continued to live in their modest home in Northampton, and Calvin Coolidge commuted to the capital. Mrs. Coolidge graciously performed her official duties in Boston and kept up her homemaking activities in Northampton.

In the summertime the Coolidges went with their sons to the Vermont hills to the home of Colonel John Coolidge, Calvin's father. A friend said: "All the strength and simplicity of New England Vermont went into the lives of Calvin and Grace Coolidge, and into the training of their sons. They took that strength and simplicity with them when they went to the White House."

The family was at their summer retreat when President Warren Harding died. Colonel Coolidge climbed the stairs of the farmhouse to give the news to the Vice-President, and, by the light of a kerosene lamp, Colonel Coolidge, by his right as a notary public, swore his son in as President of the United States, August 3, 1923.

Courtesy Library of Congress

GRACE GOODHUE COOLIDGE

Mrs. Coolidge, already accustomed to social life, and blessed with beauty and charm, fitted into the role of First Lady with ease and gracious friendliness. Because of her vivacity and fine simplicity, she soon became one of the best loved of all our First Ladies. Even under the sorrow of the sudden and tragic death of her younger son at the age of fourteen, she remained strong and heroic, never allowing her personal grief to interfere with her duties as First Lady. She felt that

her time and her energy belonged to her family and to the nation, and she ideally fulfilled the requirements of these exacting positions. But the strenuous activities were a strain on her health, and that was one of the reasons why Calvin Coolidge refused to run for a second term as president. The Coolidges left the White House in 1929.

No First Lady ever left the White House with greater public regard. In 1931 Grace Coolidge was given a medal by the National Institute of Social Sciences, honoring her as one of America's greatest living women, and commending the "fine personal influence exerted as First Lady of the Land." After their retirement from the White House, the Coolidges returned to Northampton, Massachusetts, and later built a home on the outskirts of the city, which they called "The Beeches."

Grace Coolidge, a widow for twenty-one years, continues to live in Northampton. This beloved woman will long be remembered as one who not only contributed poise, friendliness, and gracious dignity to her position as First Lady, but also fulfilled in her personal life the highest traditions of American womanhood.

Lou Henry Hoover (1875 - 1944) first met Herbert Hoover in the geology laboratory at Stanford University, California, where she was a freshman majoring in geology, the subject which had made Herbert a mining engineer. Three years later, on her graduation day, he called from Australia a proposal of marriage and asked her to go with him to the Orient. After their marriage,

Courtesy Smithsonian Institution

LOU HENRY HOOVER

February 10, 1899, they went immediately to China, where people were surprised to see a young bride accompanying her husband on his exploring trips into the far interior of the country. But Lou Hoover, the first woman to receive a degree in geology from Stanford University, was well fitted to help her husband with all phases of his work.

Herbert Hoover's assignments took him to Ceylon, Siberia, Australia, Egypt, Japan, and Europe, and his wife accompanied him on many of these journeys. No matter where they were, or however long or short their stay, Lou made a real home for her husband. They would rent a house and set up housekeeping, sometimes with the most meager facilities.

Later, they returned to Palo Alto, California, and built the beautiful home on the Stanford campus which became a showplace because of its unique architectural features and its ornate furnishings which had been brought from many countries. The design of the home provided opportunities for outdoor living, which both the Hoovers enjoyed. Here they had only a year of contentment before Herbert Hoover was called to the service of his Government, and they went to Washington. He was Secretary of Commerce for eight years, then became President in 1929.

Mrs. Hoover was prominent in Washington society and in social service work. She was an active worker in the Girl Scout movement, and gave support to worthwhile projects sponsored by women's organizations. To her friends she said that her work was to provide a background for her husband. But she did vastly more than that. She took over many of the details of his responsibilities and freed him from tiring tasks. For example, she often took his place in giving commencement addresses and she appeared at various ceremonies where a speaker, representing the White House, was needed. She was pleasing and effective in these capacities because she symbolized her husband's high position, and her gracious personality appealed to the people.

Lou Henry Hoover died in 1944. Her husband is still prominent in world affairs and is greatly respected as an "elder statesman" who renders wise and willing service.

Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt has been called the First Lady of the World as well as First Lady of our land. She was born in New York City, a daughter of Elliott Roosevelt, a younger brother of President Theodore Roosevelt, and Anna Hall Roosevelt. She was only eight years old when her mother died, and two years later her father died. She was reared by relatives and was sent to school in England. Upon her return to America, among her close friends was a distant cousin, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They were married in 1905 while Franklin was a law student at Columbia University.

She and Franklin were both born and reared in an atmosphere of wealth and social prominence, having the advantages of education, travel, and close contacts with many eminent people. When the tragedy of a disabling attack of poliomyelitis struck her husband, Eleanor Roosevelt found great resources within

herself and was a comfort and strength to him.

When she came to the White House in 1933, she was well prepared for the exacting responsibilities of a First Lady. She understood the social conditions of the country, and her natural friendliness and concern for people endeared her to thousands. She entertained at teas, receptions, and state dinners with grace and charm acquired through the years of her husband's distinguished career and her own extensive humanitarian activities.

During World War II she held the official position of assistant director of the Office of Civilian Defense for a short time, and she visited service men on the war fronts and acted as White House hostess for many political and military leaders.

Since her husband's death, in 1945, she has retained her interest in social service, and in world affairs. In 1945 she was appointed United States representative in the general assembly of the United Nations, and served as chairman of the human rights commission of the economic and social council. A distinguished lecturer, journalist, and columnist, Mrs. Roosevelt's *This I Remember* (1944) is her most popular book.

She has recently completed a tour of the Far East, and her experiences and impressions are candidly and effectively related in her newest book, *India and the Awakening East.*

Harris Ewing

ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Bess (Elizabeth Virginia) Wallace first met Harry Truman in Sunday School when she was a young girl, and he was a schoolboy studying music. They came from similar backgrounds, and their ancestors had come from Kentucky to the Middle West. Harry Truman left his fiancee, Bess Wallace, to serve in France and heard the news of the Armistice on a rocky hillside east of Verdun.

The next spring he returned to his own country, and, on June 28, 1919, he married Elizabeth Virginia Wallace. They set up housekeeping in Independence, Missouri in a lovely home built by Elizabeth's grandfather, George P. Gates. The Truman home was a haven of tran-

Hessler Studio, Washington, D. C.

ELIZABETH WALLACE TRUMAN

quility and affection, and both parents were devoted to their gifted daughter Margaret. During their evenings at home, Harry often played the piano, two of his favorite selections being Beethoven's "Sonata in C Minor" and Mozart's "Sonata IX."

After Harry Truman was elected Vice-President, he wrote in his diary: ". . . I had a family situation to meet. Mrs. Truman and Margie would not be happy. But both were good soldiers when I told them what had happened."

Bess stood beside her husband on the night of April 12, 1945, when, upon the death of President Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman took the oath of office as President of the United States. Mrs. Truman was already accustomed to Washington society when she became First Lady, since her husband had served two terms as Senator and a few months as Vice-President. Also, Mrs. Truman had assisted her husband with his office work and was familiar with much of the routine of government. It has been said that Mrs. Truman has been "as close as possible to her husband's work and as far as possible from his publicity."

Reticent and shy, yet discerning and sincere, Mrs. Truman, as First Lady, was courteous and friendly to all White House guests and callers. Possessed of a good measure of the endearing qualities of poise, serenity, and friendliness, she seemed fully to realize that the accomplishments and attitudes which make a woman a good homemaker and a devoted wife in her own home, also contribute greatly to her success as the nation's hostess. Although she cared little for the glamour and sophistication of social life, Bess Truman performed her duties with quiet charm and grace. She is an inspiration to homemakers and mothers everywhere who feel that a woman's influence in the world lies in her genuine womanhood, and in her unobtrusive support of her husband in his more public work.

Mamie Doud 'Eisenhower has won the hearts of people not only in this country, but in other countries as well. Long accustomed to adjusting her life to the career of her distinguished husband, she regards the Executive Mansion as another house in which she must make a home for him, and in which she acts as the nation's hostess. Her naturally friendly and unassuming

disposition, as well as her vivacity and charm, make this First Lady a favorite in her new position. Wife of a soldier and mother of a soldier, she has learned to accept responsibility and to assume her duties capably and cheerfully, in the tradition of duty established by many former First Ladies whose husbands were generals.

Mamie also is a cosmopolitan First Lady. She has lived in many places and associated with many types of people, and thus she has a sympathetic understanding of the different backgrounds and interests,

MAMIE DOUD EISENHOWER

the different cultures and the different ideals which are dear to the people whom she meets in her official position. Her gracious dignity and her warm simplicity are much appreciated and admired.

Mamie shares with her husband a love for the mountains of the West and a deep gratitude and affection for all of America and the heritage it has given its citizens. She gives the impression of a happy, courageous, and cultured American woman who stands with her husband for honesty, sincerity, integrity—qualities which the whole world needs today.

President and Mrs. Eisenhower have a contagious friendliness and spirituality that give confidence and hope. Mamie has even captivated the press, which has nothing but praise for the enthusiastic manner in which she is carrying out her official duties. There is little doubt that the Eisenhower administration will be a highlight in history, and the problems and decisions of these critical years will have lasting effect upon the record of world events.

Mamie Eisenhower is well qualified to be First Lady, and to make of the Executive Mansion a home for the President, and thus, in a broader scope, exemplify the fundamental work of the women, the wives of the Presidents, who have graced the role of the nation's hostess since that time when Martha Washington, in 1789, became the first First Lady of our land.

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Jeff Thomson

CRATER LAKE, OREGON

Dawn

Luella N. Adams

I stood alone at daybreak
In the silence of the morn
And marveled at the glory
And the beauty of the dawn.

Morning star in distance
Loath to set or fade away, while
Glories of the night were changing
To the glories of the day.

Morning's first blush faintly
Tinted eastern sky,
As across the dome of heaven
Ethereal clouds floated by.

Wrapt in thought, I bowed in reverence
To the peaceful, glorious dawn;
Earth and heaven it seemed were merging
God was near—I was not alone.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, July 1, and July 15, 1894

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ADVICE: Three very excellent things, and of great utility, advised by Washington Irving, are reading, conversation, and reflection. By reading we treat with the dead, by conversation, with the living, and by reflection, with ourselves. Reading enriches the memory, conversation polishes the mind, and reflection forms the judgment. But of these noble employments of the soul were we to say which we think the most important, we must confess that reading seems to be the groundwork of the other two; since without reading, contemplation is fruitless and conversation dull and insipid.

—Selected

A GOLDEN WEDDING IN NEPHI: On the 13th of June, 1894, nearly one hundred guests met in the north ward Relief Hall . . . to celebrate the golden wedding of our highly esteemed friends, Brother Jacob G. and Sister Amy L. Bigler . . . Brother and Sister Bigler were some of the first settlers in Nephi, and the Bigler family are one of the most respected families in Nephi . . . Sister Bigler holds the office of first counselor to Sister M. Pitchforth, President of the Relief Society of the stake. She is a wise counselor and true and faithful to every duty.

—E. S. Goldsbrough

THE FOURTH OF JULY

The stars and stripes are hailed with great applause,
The simple heraldry of Freedom's cause,
Long may they wave, we love these symbols pure,
While peace and plenty make our homes secure,
And the fair goddess who presides o'er all
Sweet Liberty, O, may she never fall
From that high pedestal, but ever stand
The guardian angel of this far-fam'd land . . . .

—E. B. W.

BIOGRAPHY: Mrs. Kate Chase is writing the biography of her father. She lives in the old home at Edgewood, where Salmon P. Chase lived while Chief Justice of the United States. She has managed the estate for many years, and has changed its appearance from a farm into a park.

—Selected

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN SALT LAKE STAKE: President Horne in her opening remarks . . . expressed her regrets at there being so few officers present, thought they did not honor their positions; if they were not alive to their duties they could not expect much of the members. They should stimulate and set good examples to the rest . . . . President Angus M. Cannon felt gratified with what he had heard. It had brought to his mind the first organization . . . and related some pleasing incidents of the same; spoke of the Prophet Joseph giving the first donation of $5.00 . . . . President M. I. Horne . . . urged the sisters to take the *Exponent*, it was the only woman's paper and should be sustained . . . .

—Ella W. Hyde, Ass't. Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

EARLY in 1849 the Council of Health was formed in Great Salt Lake City and met every two weeks in the wagon (in the house as soon as he had one) of Willard Richards, "botanical" physician. He, other doctors, and his English wife, a well-trained midwife, taught the Relief Society sisters the principles of health and nursing. In September 1953, a beautiful clinic, the Memorial Medical Center, was opened in Salt Lake City, memorializing Dr. Willard Richards and his three doctor sons, Heber John, Joseph S. and Stephen L. Dr. Paul S. Richards (grandson of Dr. Willard) who officiated at the opening was assisted by his daughter, the brilliant young surgeon, Dr. Lenore Richards. Dr. Lenore is the only woman ever admitted to the surgery department of the Cincinnati General Hospital, where she rapidly rose to the position of Chief Resident Surgeon of the hospital.

THE four-day-old daughter of Prince Jean, heir to the grand duchy of Luxembourg, and his wife, Princess Josephine Charlotte, was given ten names at her christening ceremony in February: Marie Astrid Charlotte Leopoldine Wilhelmine Ingeborg Antonia Elsa Elisabeth Ann. The godfather was former King Leopold of Belgium, grandfather of the little princess.

THE Woman's Home Companion has named as the six most successful women of 1953 the following: Mary Pillsbury Lord, America's delegate to the U. N. commission on human rights; Dr. Helene Wallace Tolan, cancer research scientist; Mildred Carlson Ahlgren, President, General Federation of Women's Clubs; Dr. Frances Horwich, Ding Dong School teacher; Marianne Moore, poetess; Peggy Wood, actress. Each was given the *Companion's* Silver Distaff award.

BEVERLY JONES, eighteen-year-old, Ogden, Utah, high school girl, received national honors as the best cherry-pie maker in America. In contests supported locally by 4-H clubs, Future Homemakers of America, and other youth organizations, more than fifty thousand girls competed.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mrs. Clara Brimmer Richards, Auckland, New Zealand, ninety-nine; Mrs. Hattie Tanner Watson, St. Anthony, Idaho, ninety-eight; Mrs. Lovisa Hulterstrom, ninety-seven; Mrs. Mary Dell Felt Young and Mrs. Matilda C. Robbins, ninety, all of Salt Lake City, Utah.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 41 JULY 1954 NO. 7

The Responsibilities of Freedom

IN this time of testing of the institions of freedom, and in this day when the foundations of the Republic are being undermined by forces both within and without the borders of the nation, it is of the utmost urgency that the responsibilities of freedom be examined, and that a renewed and courageous devotion be achieved. Too long it has been the custom of many of us to be only more or less appreciative of the protective strength of the tree of liberty, without a determination to nourish the tree by assuming our responsibilities as partakers of the fruit of this great heritage.

Indifference and neglect will never cause the tree to grow and flourish. We must at all times be aware of those duties which we, as individuals, can perform in gratitude for the shelter and protection we receive.

We know that liberty draws its strength from the home, from the community, from the state, from the union of the states, and from the influence and example of our Republic upon all nations. Therefore, the foundations of moral, social, and spiritual law begin in the home, where the standard works of the Church which reveal and uphold the laws of God are not only revered, but read and studied and discussed with the family and explained to the younger children.

With a strong foundation of reverence for law, and a knowledge of the basis of law, the family can proceed to its further responsibilities. Obedience to law is enjoined upon parents and children, obedience to such regulations as crossing the street at the proper time, observing speed restrictions in driving, and being scrupulous in respecting the rights of our neighbors. Integrity begins in childhood, and it grows with the observance of law in the minute events of daily life.

The mother and father and all the children who are old enough should vote, even though the issues of a particular election may not seem to be of vital concern to a certain individual or family. Government is the common concern of all of us, and a privilege such as voting, may not long be maintained if it is not used. Freedom may also be jeopardized by lack of devotion to public trust, and yet there are many, who, for various reasons, decline the responsibilities of public office.

The coming of Independence Day reminds us that in the past great sacrifice has been necessary to maintain freedom. We have inherited the snows of Valley Forge and the darkness of Gettysburg, as well as our independence as a nation and our re-united states. There is no indication in our world today that freedom can be maintained without the utmost devotion and sacrifice.

Another aspect of freedom which is often overlooked is the consider-

ation that in order to keep liberty for ourselves, we must be willing to grant it to others. This is true of religious freedom, of the freedom of the press, the rights of peaceful assemblage, and the essential individual protection given by the Constitution.

It is well for us to assert our independence, to be fully aware of our rights, but it is of even greater importance for us to perform our responsibilities, in order that the tree of liberty may flourish and give us continued shelter and protection.

—V. P. C.

This Be Our Strength

Alice Briley

This is the place—this palm of valley sand
Within its curl of mountain fingertips.
Now, come, ye saints; this is the place—our land
Of promise, Zion of the West! Our lips
Shall sing in one accord a stirring song
Of brave ideals. One day this desert cup
Shall overflow with beauty and along
Its stream the vision of our faith soar up.
This be our strength: that where men strive
with grace,
There God's kingdom is. This is the place!

Gateway to Zion

Elaine A. Walters

"I lift my lamp beside the golden door."
Oh, words that swell my heart to ecstasy!
Beloved land, a lady by your shore
Fulfilled a promise that she made to me.
Was I that weary, fainting, alien one?
Did I believe that faith and hope were dead?
Her torch was lit . . . more brilliant than the sun!
I followed where inspired pathways led;
My eyes beheld abundant wealth of soil.
At last my heart holds fragments of sweet peace.
These hands esteem the joy in honest toil—
My words of grateful prayer shall never cease.
Old knees . . . they never weary of your sod;
I sought your lamp, and finding it, found God!

Notes
TO THE FIELD

Program for the November Fast Sunday Evening Meeting

THE special program for Sunday, November 7, 1954, will be mailed to Relief Society stake presidents early in August. We urge stake presidents to distribute these programs to the wards immediately upon receipt of them.

The music for this occasion was listed in the June 1954 *Magazine*, in Notes to the Field, page 384.

Magazine Rates for Mexico, Central America, and South America Increased

Beginning with the publication of this notice, the subscription price for *The Relief Society Magazine* for mailing to subscribers in Mexico, Central America, and South America will be $2. This increase has become necessary because of an increase in postage rates to these countries.

Hymn of the Month

THE Church-wide congregational hymn singing project inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, will be continued during the coming year, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church members and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the twelve months July 1954 to June 1955:

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July, 1954	How Gentle God's Commands	Doddridge-Naegeli	67
August	We Give Thee But Thine Own	How-Cantica Laudis	180
September	Upon the Cross of Calvary	Raile-Robertson	221
October	Rejoice, the Lord Is King	Wesley-Parker	151
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May	To Nephi, Seer of Olden Times	Townsend-Clayson	186
June	I Have Work Enough to Do	Pollard-Kirkpatrick	71

Hymns, 1953 edition

Sioux Chieftain's Prayer

Mabel Law Atkinson

Great Spirit, help me
Judge no man till I have walked
In his moccasins.

Frontier Women

Leslie Savage Clark

The roots a woman's heart puts down
Are strong and very deep.
When she must leave the home she loves,
For years across her sleep
Will drift the dreams of climbing rose
That arched a door she knew,
And lighted windows through the dusk,
And lilacs wet with dew.
So women took green slender shoots
For planting, when they went
To wild frontiers—that they might keep
The lilac's rain-washed scent.

NORA WARENSKI ROSS

Needlecraft—A Useful Hobby

Nora Warenski Ross, seventy-six, of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, makes many quilts, aprons, pillowslips, and crocheted articles for her family, her friends, and for Relief Society.

Sister Nora Ross, mother of six daughters, a woman of pioneer heritage who went to Canada in her early married life, has found lasting joy in her many hobbies, and in her Relief Society work. Recently she made forty-seven aprons, pieced four quilts, made four pairs of pillowslips, and crocheted twenty-five hot pot holders and doilies. She also quilted every Tuesday from May 1953 until the Calgary First Ward bazaar was held on November 5, 1953.

For the occasion of her seventy-fourth birthday, Sister Ross was honored by having a poem written for her by her daughter, Eileen Ross Lott, part of which is quoted below:

BRAVE SPIRIT

You were never one to ask for favors,
To sit and say that such was your just due,
But you were one to work, and fight, if need be,
Brave Spirit, all of us are proud of you. . . .

Married when in your youth . . .
You might have chosen ease, the quiet life,
Instead, you chose, together with your husband,
To come up to this country wild and rife. . . .

Your children all have left your hearthstone—
Another generation and another voice;
Would you have changed your life for ease and splendor?
Not you, Brave Spirit, this was your own choice.

"The Way"

Ruth Moody Ostegar

THE two little doors of the clock popped open, and the one "coo-coo" of the little bird reverberated throughout the still, dark house. Martha Whitmore raised herself on one elbow so as to see more easily the hands of the luminous dial on her bedside stand.

One is such a disturbing number, she thought to herself. It might mean anything — twelve-thirty, one, one-thirty—it could hardly be two-thirty. The hands pointed to one-thirty, and she sighed as she lay back down again.

Now where on earth can that girl be? she thought. It seems like children just try to see how late they can stay out, with never a thought of their parents. Of course, she might possibly have slipped in without my hearing her. I'll just take a look in her room and see if she's there.

Suiting the action to the word, Martha quietly arose, and softly, so as not to awaken John, her husband, crept down the hall. The sight of the open door and the moonlight streaming across the empty bed confirmed her fears; Beth was somewhere out in the night.

"What's the matter, Mom, can't you sleep?" John's voice came to her from the other twin bed as she climbed into her own.

"It's Beth," she said, "she hasn't come home yet, and here it is almost two o'clock. Do you think something's happened to her?"

"Of course not, Martha. Aren't you ever going to get over worrying? Beth's been away for four years now taking care of herself, she ought to be able to meet any situation."

"But I can't help worrying; the party must have been out two hours ago. One reads in the paper about young folks doing such dreadful things, these days. Maybe they've had an accident!"

"No, I don't think there's been an accident. That's one thing we would hear about. Now you go back to sleep and quit worrying. It's such a beautiful moonlight night; they've probably just gone for a drive."

"But we scarcely know this boy she is with. What does she have to go chasing out for anyway?"

"Well, you couldn't expect her to sit around and twiddle her thumbs until David gets out of the service. Beth has always been a good, dependable girl. She's been taught properly, and I'm sure there's no cause for worry."

"I guess you're right," Martha admitted, "but I know I won't sleep a wink until she comes."

"Nonsense!" John ejaculated reassuringly, as he turned over. His gentle, steady breathing soon told her that he was asleep.

YES, Beth has always been a good girl, she told herself, and began thinking of her as a child winning one hundred per cent attendance awards in Sunday School, saving her pennies in an envelope to pay her tithing, being organist for Primary almost before she had grad-

uated, and on through the years. She thought of Beth's charm and beauty as she approached womanhood, the gay twinkle of her large, brown eyes, the clear, sweet tone of her lovely voice as she sang. Everyone loved to hear her sing, and they had been so happy when they were able to let her attend the B.Y.U. and take vocal lessons.

Yes, Beth, their youngest, had always been a joy, very little worry on her account. How pleased they had been when she had told them of her engagement to David, who had recently returned from a mission, and how sensible they had thought her when she made known their plans to wait until he was out of the service before marrying. And then their joy had been complete when, after graduation, she had said she would like to go on a mission while David finished his term in the army.

Now her pathway ahead seemed to lead clear and straight to happiness, and yet there was always the possibility that something might happen to change her plans, mar the way, and lead her down the road of doubt and sorrow. Martha thought of her own younger sister Grace, who had likewise been beautiful and talented, and how she had become confused in her sense of values and had given up the gospel for the glitter, the tinsel, the shiny things of life. Now, at middle age, Grace was a not-too-happy widow, living alone in her New York home.

God grant, Martha prayed quietly, that nothing like that will ever happen to our Beth.

She closed her eyes and began counting slowly in rhythm with her breathing, "One, two, three, four. . . ." Sometimes that helped her to sleep.

A car turned into the street, and she lay tense and still, waiting to hear if it would stop, but it went speedily onward. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve. . . ." She heard the clock proclaiming that it was two in the morning. "I wish she wouldn't do things like this!"

Another car pulled into the street, and this time, with a sigh of relief, she heard it stop. A moment later the side door quietly opened—now, perhaps, she could sleep.

* * * *

"GOOD morning, Mother, have you something good for breakfast? I'm famished!" Beth, with her hair in pin curls and her dressing gown pulled over her pajamas, greeted her mother, who was busy with the breakfast dishes.

"There's a glass of orange juice in the refrigerator, and I'll fry you some bacon and eggs. Do you want to put some bread in the toaster? There's some of that good strawberry jam still on the table. And, in the meantime, what on earth kept you out so late last night? It was after two when you came in, and I don't think it's right for a girl who has been interviewed for a mission to be staying out all hours of the night!"

"For heaven's sake, Mom, do you still lie awake worrying over me? I'm a big girl now, remember?" and Beth's smile was one which would have melted the most frigid heart.

"Yes, I know you are, Beth, and I do have confidence in you, but there's one thing I've seen many times over the years, of which you may not be aware."

"What's that?"

"It seems like the powers of darkness ever try to thwart the work of God. I have seen many young people on the verge of a mission suffer temptations that they never knew existed. Some have faltered and fallen by the wayside. Even Wilford Woodruff, that stalwart Church leader, said upon one occasion that it seemed that every time he was called to perform a mission the destroyer was determined to hinder him with sickness, trouble, or tribulation, and to discourage him."

"That might well be, Mother," Beth answered seriously. "And I'll try to remember it. 'To be forewarned is to be forearmed,' they say. But last night there was nothing to worry about. Jean's cousin, who had come over for the party, wanted a ride home, so we drove her over to Benson. It's about forty miles, and she insisted that we stop a few minutes, as her mother was sure to have something good in the refrigerator. She did too! Cold chicken, soda pop! Yum! Yum!"

"You girls!" Martha was definitely relieved. "How you can eat so much and keep your figure beats me! Hurry up now, and eat your breakfast. I want you to help me wash the walls and ceiling of the kitchen today, so we can paint. I want to get the house all shipshape before you leave."

"Do you have to start on the kitchen? Couldn't we begin on something easier and sort of work up to a climax?"

"Well, you know it's like ironing, when you put the white shirts and starched things on top of the basket, the rest is easy."

MARTHA and her daughter were both hard at work when they heard the postman. Beth ran to see if there was a letter from David.

"Here's a letter from New York, Mother. It must be from Aunt Grace."

"That's strange," replied Martha, "I was just thinking of her this morning. Open it and read it for me, my hands are dirty."

Beth tore a strip from the end of the envelope. "Mom, she's coming to visit us! Listen!" She read the short letter aloud, which ended: ". . . and so, if you can make room for me somewhere for a few days, I'll be arriving about Saturday, July eighteenth. I believe I'll enjoy relaxing a little in your fair city."

"My word! She doesn't give us much time, does she? The eighteenth is this Saturday, and it's Wednesday now." Martha's mind raced ahead to necessary preparations. "We'll paint the kitchen tomorrow, and Friday we'll just have to paper that back bedroom, you know Mary's children scribbled on the wall the last time they were here. I wonder if we could afford a new bedspread—something pretty to match the new paper. After all, we want to make our home as attractive as possible."

"Let's hurry," Beth suggested, "and shop this afternoon, then we could paint tonight, when dad's here to help us." Quite abruptly, she changed the subject. "I do wonder what she'll be like. Do you think she will be condescending and high and mighty, or do you think she'll be so worn out and complaining that she'll never even notice us?"

"She can be very charming and sweet when she wants to be," her

mother answered. "As a matter of fact, in spite of her money, I feel rather sorry for her. After all, we've got the joy, peace, and security that a faith in the Lord and the gospel brings us, while her security lies completely with this world's goods."

"You're probably right," Beth answered with a smile, "but you don't need to get so dramatic about it. We'll just treat her like Aunt Amy or anyone else, and forget about social differences."

THREE days later Aunt Grace arrived at the Whitmore home, which had been duly scrubbed, waxed, and polished, and smelled strongly of new paint and paper.

She was dressed in a neat, plain, traveling suit, had loads of luggage, and was, as Martha had hoped, her sweet and charming self. Her neatly tinted hair showed no signs of gray, and her small, almost girlish figure gave no hint of her fifty years. The entire family was surprised at the way she fit into the pattern of their home and seemed to be just one of them.

The next morning she sweetly refused their invitation to accompany them to Sunday School, but insisted that her presence should in no way interfere with their worship.

"You know," she said smiling almost mischievously, "I've got a yearning to bake a cake while you're gone. I haven't made one for twenty years, I guess. Do you think I'll still remember how to do it? I'll have it all ready when you return."

Memory wove a golden thread through the tapestry of their lives for the next few days—memories of the old farm where they were reared as children, the lake, the canyons, the creek, the old red schoolhouse, and all the spots which had entwined themselves around their hearts. Pilgrimages were made to these beloved places, and once again the two sisters relived the scenes of their youth.

Throughout these days Beth acted as chauffeur, and one night she confided, "You know, Mother, I had no idea Aunt Grace was so sweet. I just love her! She hasn't said a word about all those aches and pains she used to write about."

"I told you she was naturally sweet and charming. She probably only wrote to us when she was blue and not feeling well. One has to have someone's shoulder to weep on."

One morning when Grace was wiping the breakfast dishes for her sister, the clear, sweet tones of Beth's voice came to them from the living room.

"That girl's singing is just out of this world!" Grace said when the song was finished. "You never told me how beautiful and talented she has become, and with it all she is so sweet and unspoiled. It almost makes me wish I had a daughter," she sighed.

Martha, listening, detected a note of longing and loneliness in her sigh.

THAT evening while Martha was preparing for bed, Grace called her into her room. Beth, she noted, was already there.

"Ive been thinking all day about you, Beth, and do you know what I've decided to do?"

"No. What?" came as a chorus from both her listeners.

Martha felt a sudden premoni-

tion, and prayed that Beth would remember the warning she had recently given her.

"I'm going to Europe in the fall, and I've decided to take Beth with me. I've never had a daughter, you know, and I could do so much for. . . ."

"No! No! You mustn't, you can't!" Martha's anxious voice betrayed her fears.

"Why? I thought you'd be delighted. She could study voice in Europe and really have a career."

"Well, it's like this," Martha answered quietly, quickly, getting control of herself. "Beth is planning on going on a mission this fall. In fact, she has already been interviewed."

"Oh, that's nothing! She can go on a mission any day. That will keep. In this day and age of the universe you'd surely not be so narrow-minded as to keep Beth from real progress for a mission."

Martha's eyes smarted as she choked back the tears. For a moment she would not allow herself to speak.

"Wouldn't it be wonderful, Beth?" Grace took advantage of the silence. "We could visit London and Paris, and spend the cold weather in Italy, where you could study voice from the best masters in Europe. It would be a wonderful education for you; and what a French designer couldn't do with your face and figure! You'd be the hit of the American colony over there, and no telling what romance might ensue."

"It would be fun!" Beth's eyes shone. "But I'm engaged, and what about my mission?"

"Later, perhaps. Any girl can go on a mission, but how many have the opportunity of studying in Europe? I really think you owe it to yourself and society. Everyone isn't blessed with a voice like yours."

"But—but. . . ." Beth started to remonstrate.

"Doesn't the Bible say something about improving your talents?" Grace hastened on. "After all, I'm not going to make an atheist out of you. Can't you go on a mission in the spring?"

"Well, I suppose I could. . . ."

"Come, Martha, what do you say? I hope you're not going to be difficult."

"IT'S entirely up to Beth," Martha spoke calmly, without a trace of her inward fear or misgiving that should Beth go, she would never fulfill a mission or marry her missionary sweetheart. "She's a child no longer, and it's up to her to make the decision."

"Then it's all decided, isn't it, Beth?" Grace smiled in her most endearing manner. "We'll leave, let's see, how about Monday? You'll want a few weeks in New York before sailing."

"Please, Aunt Grace, it's awfully sweet of you to ask me, and I do appreciate it, but do you mind if I give you my decision in the morning?"

"Certainly not, but you're a smart girl, and I know already that you'll decide to go with me."

"Please, Auntie," Beth laughingly hugged her aunt. "I want to think about it. I'll let you know in the morning."

A few minutes later, Martha, with tears in her eyes, sobbed out the story to John.

"You did exactly right, Martha," he said, with his arm about her shoulders. "The decision must be Beth's. We know that a call from the Lord should be first and foremost in our lives, but she must never go on a mission feeling she's been coerced into going. She must decide; but I realize that tonight our daughter is making one of the most important decisions of her life. Come, let us pray."

Kneeling side by side, with clasped hands, they poured out their hearts to God, praying that their daughter might be blessed with wisdom, strength, and fortitude. And then, strangely enough, Martha slept, not the harassed, worried sleep that anxiety usually brought, but the sweet, restful sleep of a child.

Beth seldom arose before her father left for work, but the next morning a grave, serious girl entered the kitchen as he was eating breakfast.

"Dad, Mother," she said, "I've just told Aunt Grace that I'm not going to Europe with her. It wasn't easy." Tears came into her eyes and voice. "In fact, it was the hardest thing I've ever done. But I know I'm right, for I prayed and prayed, almost all night long. The answer to my prayer came to me just as though it had been written before me: 'Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it.' "

"Thank God," John murmured, and hastily wiped a tear from his eye.

The mother's loving arms encircled her daughter, who had been "weighed in the balance" and not found wanting. Martha felt that never again would it be necessary for her to lie awake worrying, for Beth was a woman, with a true and abiding faith in the Lord.

This Is My Country

Ida Isaacson

This is my country, cradled by God to give me the blessings I now enjoy.
This is my country where free men and women dream and make dreams reality.
This is where gallant little bands of people walked the dusty miles—
Rowed the untraversed rivers to place a name, a faith, and a marker
On barren plains and hills. They sang the songs of deliverance
From tyranny, strife, error, cold, famine, disease, Indians, and death.
They counted their battle scars with hungry and unhealed hearts.
They loved this country. We owe them a debt.
Memorials stand—silent—but remembered.
This great and good country has groaned under its trials;
But it has never given away to despair.
The green, waving corn grows tall in America.
And while God is watching over us,
The morning and the evening stars take their places
And they watch over us, also.
We are not sheathed in an iron panoply of fear;
Neither are we fenced in behind iron bars of injustice.
The American flag continues to ripple in the gentle breeze;
Our people understand the price of liberty.

The Falling Shackles

Chapter 2

Margery S. Stewart

Synopsis: The Tobler family, Maria, seventeen years old, the parents, and Phillip and Karen, members of the Church from Europe, arrive in Salt Lake City, and are met at the station by Mrs. Tobler's cousin Frederick, who has found a home for them. The house is old-fashioned and in need of repair, but Mamma Tobler is delighted and immediately begins to make the house into a home.

EARLY rising was not a neighborhood characteristic Maria discovered, when she watched at the front window for neighbors to come shivering out to pick up their morning papers. Karen came to watch, too, and Papa took his turn.

"Is spying," said Mamma, and tried to hurry them away.

"No, no, Mamma, is interest," Papa smiled, tying his tie. It was a long wait, but, at seven, the first one came out, the woman who lived across the street. "Now," said Papa, "let us see how clever you are. What kind of a lady would you say she is?"

Maria looked at the tall, gray-haired woman bending with such dignity to retrieve her paper, at the immaculate little garden, the carefully locked gate, the "No peddlers" sign upon the fence. "I think she will be hard to know."

But Karen clapped her hands in delight. "A girl just looked out of the upstairs window. She's my age, I know it. I say they are wonderful people who will love us on sight."

But Papa turned to Maria. "I think you are the one more nearly right. We shall see. But I think she will be a friend well worth the waiting."

Mamma called from the kitchen, "The eggs are done. You will be late, and Frederick will be cross. Remember, he must find Karen's school for her, also."

Maria followed after Karen. She sensed her sister's unhappiness. "You may wear my gold locket if you like."

Karen shook her head. "Nothing else on me is right. I do not want any more."

At breakfast she ate scarcely anything. "I think," she said at last, "I would rather stay home. I think I should wait a week or two before going to school."

No one was at all deceived.

"You are afraid," said Phillip gravely.

Mamma turned anxiously from the stove. "But you must start, you have so much time to make up. You better go this morning."

Maria watched anxiety furrow Karen's forehead. "I have no sweater," she said. "I have only the blue dress and the black dress and the white blouse and green skirt. They will laugh at me. They will laugh at my shoes."

"They will not laugh," Mamma said, "when you are clean and neat, when you have such pretty hair, curly by itself and pure gold."

Karen hung her head. "When I talk they will laugh hardest of all."

"Laugh before they do," Mamma said, "and you will soon be laughing together."

"I am ugly," said Karen, "and the nearer I get to school, the uglier I

will grow. When I go in the rooms my nose will be a foot long."

PAPA patted her shoulder. "I will give you three pretty pills," he said. "Hold out your hand."

Karen obediently opened her palm.

Papa took three pink pills from his pocket and closed her fingers over them. "When you cannot bear your ugliness another moment, take one pill, and like magic you will be pretty again. You will look just like the girl in the mirror upstairs."

Maria laughed at the old, childish game, and, after a moment, Karen laughed, too.

"Today," said Maria grandly, "I will get a job and then you shall have your sweater."

Everyone looked at her wonderingly. "How do you know?"

Maria tossed her bright hair. "This is America. Have you forgotten? Everything wonderful happens here."

Cousin Frederick rang the doorbell and burst in before they could run to open the door. "A boy!" he shouted. "Can you imagine such luck? Four girls we have and then, at last, a boy! I thought the boys were all gone, but no, there was one for me after all."

Everyone cried out with delight, even Phillip, who wanted to go at once and bring the baby to the house for a playmate.

"We go to see Hilda, tonight," Mamma decided.

Cousin Frederick slapped Papa on the back. "Your first day on the job. It is going to be fine . . . just fine. We have several men there from our country. One, I think, was in the last city you stayed before your arrest. You will have much to talk about."

They went away, Frederick and Papa and Karen. Maria worked side by side with Mamma all morning.

Mamma was true to her word. They mounted step by step, leaving a shining basement behind them, advancing on a soon-to-be gleaming main floor. At noon they stopped for a sandwich of leftover goose and a piece of the apple cake. Maria made the sandwiches while Mamma went out to call Phillip. She heard her mother's voice rising in crescendo as the moments wore away without an answering voice. She stepped to the back door.

Mamma turned from the back fence. "He is not here. Where could he be? Last time when I called he was playing with some little boys."

"He is in another boy's garden then," Maria comforted her, but she untied her apron. "I will comb my hair and then I will look for him."

She ran swiftly up and down the neighboring streets. But Phillip was nowhere to be seen. In gathering panic, Maria fled down a larger thoroughfare calling his name.

Breathless, she paused on the second corner before a drugstore window. Miserably frightened, she stared unseeingly at the dusty, fly-specked windows, the advertisements of toothpaste. She straightened. Someone in the drugstore might have seen or heard of him. They would remember a little boy so blonde, so broken in his speech.

Timidly she pushed open the swinging doors. She took a deep breath of the unfamiliar odor. How delicious it was, drugs mingling with perfumes and perfumes with some

aromatic foods being kept at even heat. But Maria shook her head disapprovingly when she saw the finger-smudged glass cases, the dusty mirror behind the fountain.

NO one came forward. She took a few steps toward the fountain. "Hello?" she said hesitantly.

There was the sound of falling boxes, the scrape of a chair. A dark masculine head poked itself from behind a floor display of face creams. "You looking for something, Ma'am?"

Maria stared at him in astonishment. This was not what she had heard of American ways. Where were the furious tempo, the swift courtesy, the efficient flourish.

She swallowed. "I . . . I came to look. . . ."

"Oh," the thin, dark face flashed a white smile in her direction. "Go right ahead and look. I'll just duck back for a little session with Blackstone while you're making up your mind." He disappeared again.

Maria tiptoed forward: "It is for a little boy I look."

The head came back again, interest warmed the dark eyes. "A little boy, you say . . . about so high?" A long, thin hand shot out from the display. "Blonde? On his way back to the ship?"

Maria leaned against the counter, weak with relief. "You have seen him then? Phillip? Where is he?"

"In the back. Asleep. Come along if you want to."

Now the whole man made his appearance, tall and lean, cavernously young, he towered above her. His face was tanned and pleasantly homely. A lock of brown hair inched across his forehead every time he pushed it away. "Phillip tells me it was better where you came from, everyone understood everyone there. He didn't have to tell them a simple thing over and over."

"Oh," said Maria, not knowing whether to smile or not. The words had mirth in them, but the young man did not smile.

She followed his example and tiptoed through the swinging half door to the apothecary part of the store. The shelves were filled with jars and bottles and boxes of all sizes and colors. On a cot under the window, Phillip slept, a green all-day sucker clutched in his hand.

"It was cheaper than a sleeping pill," the young man explained gravely, "and twice as efficacious." He studied Maria frankly, "His sister?"

She nodded: "And thank you for keeping him here."

He grinned widely, his teeth sparkled. "That's all right. I had to get my good deed in before six-thirty tonight." He shot out his hand, "My name is Timothy Allred."

There was a little silence.

"Yours?" he prodded.

MARIA blushed hotly at her clumsiness. "Mine is Maria . . . Tobler. We came last night."

"So he told me." Timothy nodded his head toward the cot. "Took one look around and said, no. It seems he wants to go back to the ship and start all over."

"There were no Indians," Maria explained. "We had promised him Indians."

"I see." He rubbed his chin. "I know an honest-to-goodness chief,

but he's down in Arizona, two days away." He looked again at Phillip. "It isn't just the Indians, the kids around here have been giving your brother a bad time."

Maria bent over Phillip, gathered him into her arms, whispered him awake.

Timothy Allred watched her carefully. "I just remembered an extra fine prescription for small boy societies." He reached in his pocket for a pad and wrote hurriedly on six or seven pages. He ripped them off and handed them to Phillip. "That will do it, I'm pretty sure."

Phillip held them up to Maria. "What does it read?"

Maria deciphered the sprawling hand. "Pay to the bearer, one ice-cream cone, when bearer is accompanied by Phillip Tobler." She bent her head to hide the quick, grateful tears. "You are kind."

"Nope . . . just getting business for my Dad's store."

Maria looked about her questioningly.

Timothy Allred shook his head. "No, Dad isn't here. He's very ill. I came back from school to sort of run things until he's back on his feet."

"I am so sorry." Marie looked about her. "But such a beautiful store. It must make you happy to take care of it."

"Happy!" Timothy stared at her as if she were a new species of fish. "Selling pills to Mrs. Curtis and eyelash curlers to all the Junior High kids should make me happy? Aaak."

"You don't like it?" Maria was incredulous.

"I want to be a lawyer," Timothy said, "a nice business-like profession. I want to help people. I want to be something."

Maria backed away from his intensity. She took Phillip's hand. "I do thank you so much, Mr. Allred."

"Everybody calls me Timothy."

"Mr. Allred," repeated Maria firmly. But she hesitated at the door, her eyes caught once more by the smudged counter. "Mr. Allred, for your kindness would you let me come in this afternoon and . . . and dust a little for you. I do not like to be beholden." She felt the furious color sweep her face under Timothy Allred's quizzical glance.

He bowed very formally. "I accept your offer with deep appreciation, Miss Tobler. I, too, am a great avoider of beholdingness."

THEY could scarcely believe at dinner that Maria had a job. It was like all the stories they had heard of life in America. Karen leaned toward Maria, breathless with interest, her dinner forgotten. "Tell me again. You went back and scrubbed the ice-cream counter and then he said . . .?"

Maria clasped her hands in delight at the mere memory. "He came over to the counter and he said, very gruffly," she made her voice deep, " 'Who taught you to scrub like that?' and I said, 'My mother.' "

Everyone looked at Mamma, who beamed and nodded her head.

Maria took a deep breath. " 'I've been losing customers steadily since I came,' he said, 'and a very quiet and peaceful atmosphere it is, without a lot of people cluttering up the place, but unfortunately, Maria, the cash register is alarmingly silent.' So then," Maria said, "he leaned back

and looked at me again and he said, 'Yes, I think I would like even a bowl of stew if you served it. That's my criterion, Miss Tobler.' "

Maria hugged herself in delight. "So there was my beautiful job. All the time I was fearful about what I could do in America, when I knew so little. But you see, already the doors swing wide, and I know. . . ." She looked from one to another. "Now I know it is true. Now I know that here, you can be whatever you want to be."

"But, Maria," Papa said gently, "is it always to be the drugstore?"

She turned to him at once. "It is like a school, Papa. You understand? In the drugstore I will learn to know America, her speech, and her dress and her feelings, then it will be time for the next step."

Papa cleared his throat. "Did you hear her, Mamma? Is good."

"Is good," said Mamma softly and leaned over to kiss Maria's cheek. "We have all taken a big step today, but I think Maria, she has taken the biggest."

Maria turned to Karen. "All my talk about myself. We haven't heard a word about you. How was the school?"

Karen mashed butter into her baked potato. "There is nothing to tell. The school is very large, and there are many boys and girls, and I am just one more bean in the sack."

"Oh, no," cried Maria. "There must be more to it than that. They must have noticed you."

Karen said slowly, "They are so kind here in America that you could weep just to hear it. They are kind to everyone. It is 'excuse me' and 'I'm sorry' and 'Hi there,' " she explained to Mamma. "Hi there! is like 'hello to you.' That is what it means." She bit her thumbnail. "But with all their politeness I am still just one more bean."

Mamma helped herself to more bread. Maria saw that it was more a need to be doing something than hunger. Maria saw that Mamma was troubled. "There are many takers," Mamma said casually, as if she were talking to herself, "and so few givers. That is why the takers are always hungry and the givers so much in demand."

KAREN lifted her head sharply. "Now, Mamma, just come right out and say it. You mean I take?"

"Sometimes we must sit and think about that, because it is so easy to always think well of ourselves."

Karen flounced up angrily, her gold curls bouncing. "You know very well, Mamma, that I do not have a penny. I have not one thing to give or I would."

Mamma's voice grew softer still, "The pretty Madame Renee, on the ship, the one who played the piano so beautifully, she gave me a great deal of pleasure."

"Or," said Papa, remembering, "the little girl, Celia, who was teaching all the children the new games. She seemed to give quite a little happiness."

Karen hesitated by the door, and Maria sensed that she was half of a mind to flounce up the stairs and yet was just afraid she might miss something of value.

"Little Mrs. Henie," reminded Mamma enthusiastically, "she could make pancakes like no one else in the world."

Karen giggled. "Remember the

time I ate so many and you were so ashamed of me. But I couldn't stop. Never have I tasted pancakes more delicious."

Phillip rubbed his stomach. "I remember Grandma Henie."

"And what of Timothy Allred?" Maria asked softly. "Didn't he give Phillip all the friends in the neighborhood, and it only cost him seven free ice-cream cones."

"Yes," cried Phillip ecstatically, "seven new friends have I, and Mr. Allred has promised me an Indian chief . . . only. . . ." He looked about him with vast scorn, "Only he means it, because he knows right where they live."

Karen stamped her foot. "You are so subtle all of you. You think I am still a child. But I will give you one free job of dishwashing, just as soon as I have run to the store for a pencil. Now I will see how your theory really works."

Maria helped Mamma clear the table. She scraped leftovers onto wax paper. "Mamma," she said slowly, "how can you really know you have helped Karen with what you said, about giving? Maybe it will not do anything at all."

Mamma smiled. "It is one of the certain things, Maria. You will see. Karen will search around inside herself and find something she never knew before."

"But look at the artists and other people who never get very famous or very wealthy."

Mamma poured soap powder into the pan. "It is a question of degree, my little one, one does not have to have thousands of people shouting his praises to be a most successful person."

MARIA wakened from a sound and heavy sleep. She lay wide-eyed in the darkness trying to think what had awakened her. Someone was singing. That was it. Someone singing a ballad from home, in her own tongue. She sat up.

Karen was sitting on the window ledge, her face etched in light from the moon. She was singing the old, familiar song. But it was no casual or careless singing. Maria listened in amazement as her sister carefully rehearsed one phrase over and over until, with a sigh, she left it and went on to the next.

"Karen, you will wake the house."

Karen turned. She looked very angelic, Maria thought, in her white flannel nightgown and her moon-touched shining hair. "Listen, Maria. I think I have it just the way I want it." She sang again.

Maria listened critically. Karen's voice was pretty, gay and tender, and pleasing to the ear. Though not great in any way, it did possess a warm, contagious charm.

"I like it," Maria whispered. "But even the birds are asleep. You will wake the house."

Karen came back to bed and put her arm around Maria. "Tomorrow I shall look for a job after school, baby sitting, or something like that. Then I shall buy me a guitar and I shall practice my songs and never stop until I really have them the way I want them."

Maria hugged her. "I shall be so proud. Think of it, my own sister Karen, singing before crowds and crowds of people."

"I always wanted to sing," Karen whispered. "But I never really thought I could do it until tonight, when Mamma talked about giving.

Maria, I've been thinking and she is right about this."

Maria stifled the impulse to giggle at the astonishment in Karen's voice at her discovery.

"Maybe it is not very practical to want to do, like making hotcakes, or embroidery . . ." Karen explained.

"I'll make the hotcakes," Maria said. "We need people to sing to us, to keep reminding us of . . . of the wonderful things there are in the world."

Karen stretched out beside her. "It's this country," she said. "It won't let you stand still. Everywhere you look, there is something wonderful to do or see or be."

Maria thought of the drugstore and the tall, strange young man who ran it. "Then how is it some of them are content to drift and dream and let all the years run out of their hands like water?"

Karen shivered. "If they could see what we have seen and hear what we have heard, they wouldn't stop to eat or sleep for joy of being able to do what you want to do." She kissed Maria. "Don't tell Mamma," she whispered, "but even the girl across the street will not be friends with me. I am the strange one."

Maria put her arms around Karen. "It is only for a little while. Remember at home. . . . It takes time for these things, a smile today, a word tomorrow . . . a little walk together the day after. . . ."

"Of course," said Karen. "It will be all right." But there was no conviction in her voice. After awhile she fell asleep.

Maria could not close her eyes. She yearned over Karen and Mamma, over Papa and little Phillip. Oh, it was true what Mamma often said, "Old problems solved open the doors for new ones to enter." Maria smiled wryly to herself. She had thought every trouble would automatically be righted the moment their feet touched the golden shore. Beautiful America, she thought, forgive me. I am like so many, demanding you do everything for me, at once. Now this is foolishness, as Mamma says, you only hold the salve, we have to rub it on the sore place ourselves.

Karen turned over with a protesting flop. "What are you doing, Maria, mumbling like that? How can a person ever get her sleep?"

(To be continued)

Great Granddad's Day

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

Great Granddad now is mellow with the years,
And yet his voice still tells exciting tales
Of oxen teams and river fords, of fears
When wagon riders crossed long, lonely trails.
He tells of mile-wide forests felled by hand,
Of horse-drawn plows which turned the virgin field;
Of times when wheat was broadcast on the land.
When he is gone, who then will take us back
Where orchards were but dreams held in a maze
Of wilderness and weeds; when sodded shack
Housed faith and hope and plans for better days?
Who will recall with story-telling skill
Great granddad's day, when his proud voice is still?

Selected Data

ANNUAL REPORT—1953

THE activities and achievements of Relief Society for 1953, its 111th year, are reflected in this annual report. An increasing number of women of many nationalities, living under varied conditions, are benefiting from participation in Relief Society activities as shown in the reports of 209 stakes and 42 missions. Commendable increases were shown in nearly all phases of the program.

We congratulate the stakes and missions on the excellence of their reports. In the stakes, 68 were perfect and 126 required only minor corrections; in the missions, 7 were perfect and 22 required only minor corrections. The narrative sections of the reports disclosed a wide variety of activities which touched many lives.

Membership reached 148,094, an increase of 7,740 over 1952, a gratifying, steady growth. There was, however, an increase of 18,955 Latter-day Saint families. Since the growth in membership did not keep pace with the increase in number of Latter-day Saint families, attainment of our goal—every Latter-day Saint woman a member of Relief Society—should receive constant attention from stake and mission workers. During 1953, opportunity for development through engaging in leadership activities was afforded 90,887 women, an increase of 5,390 over 1952.

The average attendance at regular meetings throughout the Church increased slightly; theology and testimony meetings continued to have the largest attendance, followed in order by literature, social science, and work meetings.

Visiting teacher meetings increased 1,721 over 1952. The total average attendance was 50.38 per cent (48.71 per cent in 1952) a commendable increase; in the stakes, 48.92 per cent (47.81 per cent in 1952); in the missions, 62.8 per cent (55.95 per cent in 1952) indicating that the missions are more rapidly expanding this vital activity.

The increase of 191,788 visits by 3,613 more visiting teachers, in 1,754 more districts, brought the average number of visits to Latter-day Saint families to 8.01 from 7.87 in 1952. This increase, though slight, means that an average of 8 visits was made to each family during the year and evidences gradual advancement toward our goal of 12 annual visits to each family.

Compassionate service held its important place in Relief Society as indicated by 7,912 more visits to the sick and homebound; and 1,235 more days care of the sick over 1952. In addition, the narrative sections of the annual reports recounted many other comforting acts of consideration for the aged, infirm, and unfortunate, which affected many lives and the services rendered were as varied as human needs. Over and above these services performed officially in the name of the society, members, inspired by the grand key words of Relief Society as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith: "Said Jesus, 'Ye shall do the work which ye see me do,'" and out of the goodness of their hearts, have performed innumerable needed and helpful services as good neighbors.

Relief Society continued to support the Church Welfare Program through participation at work meetings, at sewing centers, and in other welfare projects.

In Family Welfare Service an increase of 749 initial visits made to needy families under the direction of bishops, and an increase of 1,232 follow-up visits indicate Relief Society's earnest concern for those requiring care in this phase of the Welfare Program.

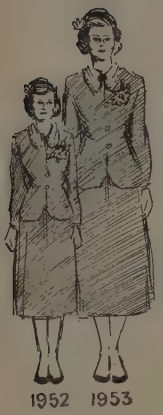
The general board is grateful to all whose loyalty and devotion have contributed to the advancement of the Relief Society program during 1953. There is great need in the world today for increased faith in God, for extension of spiritual and cultural development, and for greater solicitude everywhere for the well-being of our Father's children. Meeting these needs has been the worthy objective of Relief Society from its very beginning and, with the continued support and devotion of our membership, this objective will not only be perpetuated but Relief Society's sphere of influence and serv-

ice will be expanded to bless peoples in faraway places now unacquainted with its benefits.

Margaret C. Pickering

General Secretary-Treasurer

Illustrations and arrangement by Don Mortensen and Doug Johnson, Audio-Visual Aids Department, Brigham Young University.



1952 1953

MEMBERSHIP — 1953

303,504 L.D.S. Families + 18,955 over 1952

148,094 R.S. Members + 7,740 over 1952 or 48.79% of potential membership

In Stakes

251,775 L.D.S. Families + 15,333 over 1952

119,615 R.S. Members + 7,427 over 1952 or 47.50% of potential membership

In Missions

51,729 L.D.S. Families + 3,622 over 1952

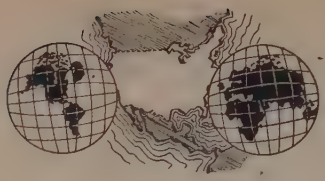
28,479 R.S. Members + 313 over 1952 or 55.05% of potential membership

LEADERSHIP ACTIVITIES

90,887 R.S. Members Participated in Leadership Activities, 1953:

85,497 in 1952

	1953	1952
General Officers	26	24
Stake Officers	2,421	2,281
Mission Officers	504	465
Local Executive Officers	12,946	12,385
Other Officers	6,291	5,993
Class Leaders	12,097	11,360
Visiting Teachers	56,602	52,989



GEOGRAPHIC DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY ORGANIZATIONS AND MEMBERS—1953

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organization	Members	Organization	Members	Organization	Members
United States and Territories						
Alabama			14	178	14	178
Alaska			4	96	4	96
Arizona	99	5,772	24	438	123	6,210
Arkansas			9	117	9	117
California	258	15,374	33	774	291	16,148
Colorado	24	1,202	24	541	48	1,743
Connecticut			4	76	4	76
Delaware			1	27	1	27
District of Columbia	2	156			2	156
Florida	10	388	36	572	46	960
Georgia	3	91	22	398	25	489
Hawaii	15	816	43	833	58	1,649
Idaho	315	18,856	6	94	321	18,950
Illinois	8	312	23	362	31	674
Indiana	1	29	22	478	23	507
Iowa			13	185	13	185
Kansas			20	265	20	265
Kentucky			17	260	17	260
Louisiana			20	416	20	416
Maine			9	80	9	80
Maryland	2	140	1	18	3	158
Massachusetts			11	167	11	167
Michigan	9	284	5	100	14	384
Minnesota			15	279	15	279
Mississippi			17	220	17	220
Missouri			24	492	24	492
Montana	11	315	42	894	53	1,209
Nebraska			9	152	9	152
Nevada	39	2,107			39	2,107
New Hampshire			2	24	2	24
New Jersey	2	65	3	75	5	140
New Mexico	18	602	25	391	43	993
New York	5	183	19	348	24	531
North Carolina			44	797	44	797
North Dakota			5	41	5	41
Ohio	1	24	18	426	19	450

Location	Stakes		Missions		Totals	
	Organization	Members	Organization	Members	Organization	Members
Oklahoma			19	264	19	264
Oregon	46	2,249	21	425	67	2,674
Pennsylvania	1	40	26	440	27	480
Rhode Island			2	21	2	21
South Carolina	12	404	7	89	19	493
South Dakota			6	44	6	44
Tennessee			10	171	10	171
Texas	4	162	59	1,207	63	1,369
Utah	838	62,658			838	62,658
Vermont			3	31	3	31
Virginia	3	228	21	419	24	647
Washington	43	1,890	18	435	61	2,325
West Virginia			11	195	11	195
Wisconsin	3	100	14	148	17	248
Wyoming	50	2,761	12	249	62	3,010
Total United States	1,822	117,208	813	14,752	2,635	131,960
Other Countries						
Argentina			19	388	19	388
Australia			23	482	23	482
Austria			5	97	5	97
Belgium			6	49	6	49
Brazil			13	144	13	144
Canada	52	2,270	55	961	107	3,231
Denmark			16	361	16	361
England			70	899	70	899
Finland			9	124	9	124
France			11	89	11	89
Germany - East (1952)			76	3,278	76	3,278
Germany - West			56	846	56	846
Ireland			3	35	3	35
Japan			18	189	18	189
Mexico	3	137	60	1,058	63	1,195
Netherlands			27	438	27	438
New Zealand			69	975	69	975
Norway			13	328	13	328
Samoa			49	669	49	669
Scotland			6	77	6	77
South Africa			12	138	12	138
Sweden			38	471	38	471
Switzerland			25	330	25	330
Tahiti			16	277	16	277
Tonga			39	618	39	618
Uruguay			22	355	22	355
Wales			5	51	5	51
Total Other Countries	55	2,407	761	13,727	816	16,134
GRAND Total	1,877	119,615	1,574	28,479	3,451	148,094

MEETINGS — 1953

163,492 Total Meetings Held in Wards and Branches

111,741 Regular Meetings

	In Stakes	Increase over 1952	In Missions	Increase over 1952
Theology	14,567	+ 931	13,655	+ 12
Work	20,519	+ 1,640	15,916	+ 536
Literature	14,274	+ 1,076	10,515	+ 794
(Optional Lessons in Missions)				
Social Science	12,538	+ 827	9,757	+ 457

18,820 Visiting Teacher Meetings

		Increase Over 1952
In Stakes	14,718	+1,072
In Missions	4,102	+ 649

32,931 All Other Meetings

		Increase over 1952
In Stakes	17,443	+1,441
In Missions	15,488	+ 152

ATTENDANCE AT MEETINGS — 1953

Regular Meetings

53,432 or 36.08% total average attendance in 1953
49,255 or 35.09% in 1952

	Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase over 1952
Theology	44,846	13,520	58,366	+4,289
Work	38,647	12,577	51,224	+4,644
Literature	39,131	12,602	51,733	+4,626
Social Science	38,778	12,815	51,593	+3,350

Visiting Teacher Meetings

28,514 or 50.38% total average attendance in 1953
25,814 or 48.71% in 1952

Av. Attendance In Stakes	Av. Attendance In Missions	Total Av. Attendance	Increase over 1952
24,788	3,726	28,514	+ 2,700

VISITING TEACHER SERVICE

	1953	1952	Increase Over 1952
Total Family Visits	2,432,032	2,240,244	+191,788
Visiting Teachers	56,602	52,989	+ 3,613
Districts	30,367	28,613	+ 1,754
Families Visited			
At Home	1,626,145	1,508,448	+117,697
Not Home	805,887	731,796	+ 74,091

8.01 Av. visits were made to each L.D.S. family in 1953
7.87 in 1952

SEWING SERVICE

	1953	1952	Increase (or Decrease) over 1952
Total Articles Completed	246,686	210,955	+35,731
Av. number of women sewing monthly at work meeting	41,867	38,686	+ 3,181
Kinds of Articles Completed			
Quilts	16,193	14,846	+ 1,347
Children's Clothing	23,824	21,583	+ 2,241
Women's Clothing	34,596	30,166	+ 4,430
Men's Clothing	2,198	3,088	— 890
Household Furnishings	74,792	53,426	+21,366
Miscellaneous Articles	95,083	87,846	+ 7,237

COMPASSIONATE SERVICE — 1953

	1953	1952	Increase (or Decrease) over 1952
Compassionate Services:			
Visits to Sick and Homebound	217,806	209,894	+ 7,912
Days Care of Sick	23,739	22,504	+ 1,235
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,598	6,474	+ 124
Dressing Only for Burial	716	787	— 71

CHURCH WELFARE SERVICE — 1953

	1953	1952	Increase (or Decrease) over 1952
*Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at work meeting	8,237	8,422	— 185
**Average number of women participating in Welfare sewing at sewing centers	2,357	3,936	—1,579
Average number of women participating in Welfare projects other than sewing	10,919	8,985	+1,934

*Due to smaller Welfare budget assignments to wards

**Due to fewer calls for service on Welfare sewing at Welfare centers

FAMILY WELFARE SERVICE — 1953

	1953	1952	Increase over 1952
Number of initial family visits under direction of bishop	8,628	7,879	+ 749
Number of subsequent or follow-up visits	19,439	18,207	+1,232
Number visited who gave service on Church Welfare projects	1,573	1,458	+ 115
Number of women visited who sewed at work meetings	1,738	1,505	+ 233
Number of women visited who sewed for themselves and families	2,048	1,965	+ 83

CONSOLIDATED FINANCIAL REPORT FOR STAKES AND MISSIONS

Receipts and Disbursements, 1953

Cash Balance on hand, January 1	$	945,425.70
Receipts		1,423,757.66
	$	2,369,183.36
Disbursements		1,332,694.79
Cash Balance on hand December 31	$	1,036,488.57

Assets and Liabilities, December 31, 1953

Assets

Cash Balance on Hand December 31	$	1,036,488.57
Wheat Trust Fund Deposited at Presiding Bishop's Office		422,912.22
Other Invested Funds (Savings, Bonds, etc.)		93,413.34
Real Estate and Buildings		96,767.25
Furniture and Fixtures		668,864.95
Other Assets		164,950.27
Total Assets	$	2,483,396.60

Liabilities

Accounts Payable	$	2,356.91
Balance Net Worth		2,481,039.69
Total Liabilities and Net Worth	$	2,483,396.60

REPORT OF FUNDS FOR NEW RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING, 1947 - 1953

Receipts		
Contributions	$	562,882.23
Interest		15,906.91
Proceeds from sale "Wist Ye Not"		2,278.50
Total Receipts	$	581,067.64
Disbursements Including Construction Expense		29,212.90
Cash Balance December 31, 1953	$	551,854.74

COMPARATIVE FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL DATA
1953 - 1952

	1953 Number or Amount	1952 Number or Amount	Changes 1952 to 1953 Number or Amount	Per Cent
Organizations				
Stakes and Missions, Total	251	237	+ 14	+ 5.91
Stakes	209	196	+ 13	+ 6.63
Missions	42	41	+ 1	+ 2.44
Local	3,451	3,312	+ 139	+ 4.19
Wards in Stakes	1,877	1,762	+ 115	+ 6.53
Branches in Missions	1,574	1,550	+ 24	+ 1.55
Membership Total	148,094	140,354	+ 7,740	+ 5.51
Stakes	119,615	112,188	+ 7,427	+ 6.62
Missions	28,479	28,166	+ 313	+ 1.11
General Officers and Board Members	26	24	+ 2	+ 8.33
Stake Officers and Board Members	2,421	2,281	+ 140	+ 6.14
Mission Presidents and Other Officers	504	465	+ 39	+ 8.39
Ward and Branch Executive Officers	12,946	12,385	+ 561	+ 4.53
Other Officers	6,291	5,993	+ 298	+ 4.97
Class Leaders	12,097	11,360	+ 737	+ 6.49
Visiting Teachers	56,602	52,989	+ 3,613	+ 6.82
All Other Members	57,207	54,857	+ 2,350	+ 4.28
L.D.S. Families—Total	303,504	284,549	+ 18,955	+ 6.66
In Stakes	251,775	236,442	+ 15,333	+ 6.48
In Missions	51,729	48,107	+ 3,622	+ 7.53
Meetings and Attendance				
1. Meetings Held, Total	168,426	158,490	+ 9,936	+ 6.27
General Board Meetings	31	29	+ 2	+ 6.89
Relief Society General Conference	1	1	—	—
Group Stake Conventions	106	92	+ 14	+ 1.52
In Stakes and Missions	4,796	4,463	+ 333	+ 7.46
Stake and Mission District Board Meetings	2,673	2,496	+ 177	+ 7.09
Stake and Ward Officers (Union) Meetings	2,123	1,967	+ 156	+ 7.93
In Wards and Branches	163,492	153,905	+ 9,587	+ 6.23
Regular Meetings for Members	111,741	105,468	+ 6,273	+ 5.95
March Sunday Night Meetings	9,360	9,365	— 5	— 5.34
Visiting Teachers Meetings	18,820	17,099	+ 1,721	+10.06
Preparation Meetings	18,842	17,501	+ 1,341	+ 7.66
Relief Society Conferences	3,025	2,885	+ 140	+ 4.85
R. S. Conf. Preliminary Meetings	1,704	1,587	+ 117	+ 7.37

	1953 Number or Amount	1952 Number or Amount	Changes 1952 to 1953 Number or Amount	Per Cent
2. Average Attendance at Regular Meetings for Members	53,432	49,255	+ 4,177	+ 8.48
In Stakes	40,352	36,962	+ 3,390	+ 9.17
In Missions	13,080	12,293	+ 787	+ 6.40
3. Per Cent of Members Represented by Average Attendance at Regular Meetings	36.08%	35.09%		
In Stakes	33.73%	32.95%		
In Missions	45.93%	43.64%		
4. Average Attendance at Visiting Teachers Meetings	28,514	25,814	+ 2,700	+10.46
5. Per Cent of Visiting Teachers Represented by Average Attendance	50.38%	48.71%		
Visits by Stake and Mission Officers				
1. To Wards and Branches	20,793	19,037	+ 1,756	+ 9.22
To Wards by Stake Officers	16,302	14,445	+ 1,857	+12.85
To Branches by Mission and District Officers	4,491	4,592	— 101	— 2.20
Activities				
1. Visiting Teaching:				
Number of Visiting Teacher Districts	30,367	28,613	+ 1,754	+ 6.13
Family Visits—Total	2,432,032	2,240,244	+191,788	+ 8.56
Home	1,626,145	1,508,448	+117,697	+ 7.80
Not Home	805,887	731,796	+ 74,091	+10.12
Per cent at Home	66.86%	67.33%		
Number Communications in Lieu of Visits	29,491	27,012	+ 2,479	+ 9.17
2. Educational Meetings:				
Average Attendance at Relief Society:				
Theology	58,366	54,077	+ 4,289	+ 7.93
Work (Sewing)	51,224	46,580	+ 4,644	+ 9.97
Literature	51,733	47,107	+ 4,626	+ 9.82
Social Science	51,593	48,243	+ 3,350	+ 6.94
3. Sewing Service at Meetings:				
Average Number of Women Sewing Monthly	41,867	38,686	+ 3,181	+ 8.22
Total Articles Completed	246,686	210,955	+ 35,731	+16.93
Kinds of Articles:				
Quilts	16,193	14,846	+ 1,347	+ 9.07
Children's Clothing	23,824	21,583	+ 2,241	+10.38
Women's Clothing	34,596	30,166	+ 4,430	+14.68
Men's Clothing	2,198	3,088	— 890	—28.82
Household Furnishings	74,792	53,426	+ 21,366	+39.99
Other (Miscellaneous)	95,083	87,846	+ 7,237	+ 8.23

	1953 Number or Amount	1952 Number or Amount	Changes 1952 to 1953 Number or Amount	Per Cent
4. Compassionate Service:				
Visits to Sick and Homebound	217,806	209,894	+ 7,912	+ 3.77
Number Days Care of the Sick	23,738¾	22,504½	+ 1,234¼	+ 5.48
Number of Bodies Prepared for Burial	716	787	— 71	— 9.02
Number of Funerals at Which Relief Society Assisted	6,598	6,474	+ 124	+ 1.91
5. Church Welfare Service:				
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Work Meeting	8,237	8,422	— 185	—21.96
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Sewing at Sewing Center	2,357	3,936	— 1,579	—40.11
Average Number of Women Participating in Welfare Projects Other than Sewing	10,919	8,985	+ 1,934	+21.52
6. Family Welfare Services:				
Number Initial Visits Under Direction of Bishop	8,628	7,879	+ 749	+ 9.50
Number of Subsequent or Follow-up Visits	19,439	18,207	+ 1,232	+ 6.76
Number Visited Who Gave Service on Church Welfare Projects	1,573	1,458	+ 115	+ 7.88
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed at Work Meeting	1,738	1,505	+ 233	+15.48
Number of Women Visited Who Sewed for Themselves and Families	2,048	1,965	+ 83	+ 4.22
Total Number of Wards and Branches With Lists of Nurses	1,881	1,743	+ 138	+ 7.91
Wards in Stakes	1,394	1,277	+ 117	+ 9.16
Mission Branches in United States, Great Britain, Canada	487	466	+ 21	+ 4.50
Magazine				
Relief Society Magazine Subscriptions	119,850	111,881	+ 7,969	+ 7.12
Finances				
Cash Receipts	1,423,757.66	1,268,613.82	155,143.84	+12.22
Cash Disbursements	1,332,694.79	1,121,721.23	210,973.56	+18.80
Net Assets	2,481,039.69	2,312,020.37	169,019.32	+ 7.31

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Ione Loveland

MINIDOKA STAKE (IDAHO), PAUL WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR TEN YEARS

Ione Loveland, President, Paul Ward Relief Society, reports that in 1944 this ward achieved one hundred per cent visiting teaching. "Every month since then this has been maintained. So, in January 1954, we had a ten-year record of unbroken one hundred per cent visiting teaching. We are very proud and grateful to our teachers. Sister Clarinda Green was president when the achievement was first made. In 1948 Sister Ione Loveland became president, with Zola Hunsaker as first counselor and Rhoda Barclay as second counselor, and Grace Merrill as secretary. Florence Greenwell is the visiting teacher message leader, but was not present when the picture was taken. We love our work and are happy in it."

Katherine Barnes is president of Minidoka Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ella P. Bennion.

NORTH JORDAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT EASTER CANTATA "RESURRECTION MORNING"
April 18, 1954

Ella P. Bennion, President, North Jordan Stake Relief Society, stands at the right in the back row; Counselor Paula G. Wilson, fourth from the left on the back row; director of the cantata, Nellie Bennion, second from the right, back row; accompanist Lucille D. Smith, third from the right, back row; Secretary Mable G. Morgan, sixth from the left, front row.

Photograph submitted by Ella O. Davis

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE
March 14, 1954

Standing in front, at the piano, left to right: Alvina Pehrson, chorister; Lila Jones, pianist.

Standing, second row, sixth from the right: Luana Jenkins, assistant pianist.

This was the fifth occasion, since the organization of the Mount Logan Stake in November 1946, that this chorus has furnished music for stake conference. Sister Ella O. Davis, Secretary, Mount Logan Stake Relief Society, reports that the renditions have been well received, and this year, "The chorus was highly praised by Elder Oscar A. Kirkham of the First Council of Seventy, who asked as a special favor to him that the chorus repeat two of the outstanding selections."

Mae E. Jenkins is president of Mount Logan Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Cleona W. Hedenstrom

OGDEN STAKE (UTAH), OGDEN FOURTH WARD WORK MEETING FEATURES "COVERALL" APRONS March 9, 1954

Front row, seated, left to right: Cleona Hedenstrom, President, Ogden Stake Relief Society; Mae Child, Secretary, Ogden Fourth Ward Relief Society; Amy Vowles, Counselor; Ella Stratford, President; Violet Perkins, Counselor; Kate Couch; Aurilla Folkman, work meeting leader; Margaret Mumford, quilting chairman.

Second row, standing, left to right: Edna Tribe, Counselor, Ogden Stake Relief Society; Vivian Carlson, work meeting leader, Ogden Stake Relief Society; Ethel Lewis; Ella Crandall; Mary Colvell; Ethel Hatton; Crystal Watkins; Lora Wright; Alice Sipherd; Luella Mann; Martha Rampton; Margaret Dearden; Ireta Watkins; Echo Berg; Viola Woolley; Zena Gardner; Virginia Tribe; Alberta Greenhalgh.

Cleona W. Hedenstrom reports the success of this unique apron project: "Sister Stratford had a large coverall apron which many of the sisters liked. The pattern was one which needed to be sized to the individual, so we asked all those sisters who wished to make this apron to bring their material to the February work meeting. There a pattern was cut to fit each sister, and each was assisted in cutting out her apron. As many as could, sewed their aprons on the Relief Society machines. While waiting to be helped, some of the sisters quilted on a baby quilt, crocheted, or embroidered. During the day sixteen patterns and fifteen aprons were cut out. Several patterns and aprons were cut out later, and the sisters urged to finish their aprons and wear them to work meeting, March 9, 1954. At the luncheon served at noon we honored Sister Kate Couch, who was eighty years old in March."

Hands

Alice R. Rich

Like moon-etched dusky shadows, deep toil marks intertwine
Across her hands, blue-veined and worn, and chart a pioneer line.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 25—Alma and Amulek

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: Alma, Chapters 9-16)

For Tuesday, October 5, 1954

Objective: To show how Alma and Amulek, in preaching repentance to the inhabitants of Ammonihah, were sustained by the Lord.

Alma Preaches Repentance

ACCORDING to instructions from an angel, the same one who had appeared to Alma at the time of his conversion, he went a second time before the people of Ammonihah. Immediately they opposed him. ". . . Who is God . . ." they scoffed, ". . . that sendeth no more authority than one man among this people, to declare unto them the truth of such great and marvelous things?" (Alma 9:6).

Alma boldly testified of their sins and called upon them to repent, saying: ". . . O ye wicked and perverse generation, how have ye forgotten the tradition of your fathers; yea, how soon ye have forgotten the commandments of God. . . . Yea, and if it had not been for his matchless power, and his mercy, and his long-suffering towards us, we should unavoidably have been cut off from the face of the earth. . . ." (Alma 9:8, 11).

Alma commanded them to repent if they expected to inherit the kingdom of God, and warned of imminent destruction if they refused, quoting the words God spoke to Lehi:

> . . . Inasmuch as ye shall keep my commandments, ye shall prosper in the land? . . . Inasmuch as ye will not keep my commandments ye shall be cut off from the presence of the Lord" (Alma 9:13).

He pointed out to them how this prophecy had been verified among the Lamanites. However, Alma declared that despite the fact that the Lamanites had been cursed, the Lord would show mercy to them and lengthen their period of survival in the land because it was their traditions which had kept them in ignorance. He prophesied that the day would come when this veil of ignorance would be lifted and they would receive the gospel. If, however, the people of Ammonihah re-

fused to repent, they were told that their days would not be prolonged, but the Lord would use the Lamanites to scourge them and they should be visited with utter destruction.

After reminding his listeners of the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which the Lord had always given to the Nephites when they had been obedient, Alma testified that the time drew near that the Son of God would come and redeem all those who would repent and come unto him, but that the wicked who would not repent must pay the price of their sins.

The inhabitants of Ammonihah were stirred to intense anger at being told that they were ". . . a hard-hearted and a stiff-necked people . . . a lost and a fallen people . . ." (Alma 9:31, 32). In their wrath they sought to imprison Alma, but the Lord did not suffer this trial to come to him at this time.

Testimony of Amulek

Amulek stood before the people and testified of the truth of the words of Alma. He pointed out that he, Amulek, was a descendant of Lehi who came through the loins of Manasseh, son of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, and that he was a man of influence and wealth. However, he did not try to hide the fact that in his life he had been wicked and had rebelled against God. Amulek said: ". . . I was called many times and I would not hear . . ." (Alma 10:6). He then recounted in detail how it happened that he had become Alma's close companion. (The text Alma 10:7-11 might be read by a class member.)

At this point it appeared that some good might come as the result of the teachings of Alma and Amulek for the record states that ". . . the people began to be astonished . . ." (Alma 10:12) but, as is so often the case, Satan, using wily and unscrupulous men, blinded the eyes of the people.

It was customary for lawyers and judges to be paid according to the work they did and, if they could stir up trouble, they made additional money. Since the lawyers had been elected by majority vote, the people respected them. When the lawyers began to question Amulek, the people, therefore, were swayed by their words and commenced to turn against him. His reproof of their representatives served to increase their antagonism. Amulek warned that unless they repented, and if they cast out the righteous from among them, the Lord would smite them with famine, pestilence, and the sword. ". . . they cried out, saying: This man doth revile against our laws which are just, and our wise lawyers whom we have selected" (Alma 10:24), and they called him a child of the devil.

Amulek, perceiving that the lawyers were trying to ensnare him said:

> . . . O ye wicked and perverse generation, ye lawyers and hypocrites, for ye are laying the foundation of the devil; for ye are laying traps and snares to catch the holy ones of God . . . . I say unto you, that the foundation of the destruction of this people is beginning to be laid by the unrighteousness of your lawyers and your judges (Alma 10:17, 27).

Zeezrom was one of the most brilliant of these lawyers, a man ". . . expert in the devices of the devil . . ." (Alma 11:21). He cross-questioned Amulek adroitly but

without ensnaring him, for God was with his servant. Amulek then gave a comprehensive and powerful testimony concerning Christ and his mission. The record states that:

. . . when Amulek had finished these words the people began again to be astonished, and also Zeezrom began to tremble (Alma 11:46).

Alma Expounds Plan of Redemption

As Alma spoke to Zeezrom, establishing the words of Amulek, Zeezrom became aware that Alma and Amulek knew the thoughts and intents of his heart. He inquired after more knowledge concerning the kingdom of God. His heart was touched, even though Alma told him plainly of his wickedness.

Alma explained how all men must appear before the judgment seat of God and be judged according to their works. Our thoughts, our words, and our work will all condemn us, if we have deviated from the path of righteousness. When men meet their God face to face before the judgment bar, they will then know of his justice and mercy. The wicked will undergo a second death, ". . . he shall die as to things pertaining unto righteousness." This Alma called a spiritual death, the second death. (See Alma 12:16, 32.)

It is evident from Alma's remarks that this life is a probationary state, a time when men may prepare for that endless state which is after the resurrection of the dead. (See Alma 12:24.) Alma also taught the people concerning the holy order of the Son of God, and of Melchisedek and Abraham. After calling the people to repentance, Alma asked them to look forward to the coming of the Savior. He declared that his coming was not far distant, that the precise time would be revealed to just and holy men.

Persecution of Alma and Amulek and Their Followers

Many of the people believed the words of Alma and Amulek, but the greater part of them rejected the message and sought the prophets' lives. The unbelievers bound Alma and Amulek with cords and took them before the chief judge. Their enemies testified against them.

Zeezrom was shocked at the evil he had caused. He was under a heavy burden of guilt and was tortured with the pains of hell. He pled with the people for Alma and Amulek saying, ". . . Behold, I am guilty, and these men are spotless before God . . ." (Alma 14:7).

But the people refused to listen. They reviled Zeezrom and spat upon him. Moreover, they cast out all the men who believed in the words which had been spoken and stoned them:

And they brought their wives and children together, and whosoever believed or had been taught to believe in the word of God they caused that they should be cast into the fire; and they also brought forth their records which contained the holy scriptures, and cast them into the fire also, that they might be burned and destroyed by fire (Alma 14:8).

And it came to pass that they took Alma and Amulek, and carried them forth to the place of martyrdom, that they might witness the destruction of those who were consumed by fire. And when Amulek saw the pains of the women and children who were consuming in the fire, he also was pained; and he said unto Alma: How can we witness this awful scene? Therefore let us stretch forth our hands, and exercise the power of God which is in us, and save them from the flames (Alma 14:9-10).

Alma forbade, saying that the Spirit dictated otherwise to him, and that the Lord received them unto himself in glory. Amulek then suggested that perhaps he and Alma would also become martyrs. ". . . Be it according to the will of the Lord. But, behold, our work is not finished; therefore they burn us not" (Alma 14:13).

When the bodies of those who had been cast into the fire were consumed, and also the records which were cast in with them, the chief judge of the land came and stood before Alma and Amulek, as they were bound; and he smote them with his hand upon their cheeks, and said unto them: ". . . After what ye have seen, will ye preach again unto this people, that they shall be cast into a lake of fire and brimstone? Behold, ye see that ye had not power to save those who had been cast into the fire; neither has God saved them because they were of thy faith . . . (Alma 14:14-15).

Alma and Amulek refused to answer. They were imprisoned and questioned, but still remained silent. The chief judge and his co-workers gnashed their teeth at the silence of their prisoners and spat upon them and asked: ". . . How shall we look when we are damned?" (Alma 14:21). For days these rulers starved them, mocked them, and left them naked and bound.

After the lapse of many days, the chief judge and many of their teachers and lawyers came again to the prison. The chief judge, on this occasion, upbraided Alma and Amulek as follows: ". . . If ye have the power of God deliver yourselves from these bands . . ." (Alma 14:24).

Power of God Comes Upon Alma and Amulek

After the last one had said the same words and smote them ". . . the power of God was upon Alma and Amulek, and they rose and stood upon their feet." And Alma cried, saying: ". . . How long shall we suffer these great afflictions, O Lord? O Lord, give us strength according to our faith which is in Christ, even unto deliverance" (Alma 14:25-26). And God heard and answered the plea of his servants. The shackles were loosened. They stood as free men before their oppressors.

"The fear of destruction" came upon their oppressors who sought safety in flight. But there was no safety for their tormentors. ". . . the earth shook mightily, and the walls of the prison were rent in twain . . ." (Alma 14:27) and the chief judge, the lawyers, priests, and teachers were buried beneath the debris. Alma and Amulek, alone, came forth unharmed.

The people of Ammonihah, hearing the noise and seeing Alma and Amulek walking out of the prison uninjured, fled in terror.

Alma and Amulek in Sidom

Obedient to divine instructions, Alma and Amulek went to Sidom where, to their joy, they discovered the people who had been cast out of Ammonihah and stoned. Zeezrom was there also. He lay sick with a burning fever, the result of his mental torment and anguish over his past sins. At Zeezrom's request, Alma and Amulek came to his

home, and, by the power of their Priesthood, healed him.

". . . Alma cried unto the Lord, saying: O Lord our God, have mercy on this man, and heal him according to his faith which is in Christ . . . . Zeezrom leaped upon his feet, and began to walk" (Alma 15:10, 11). The knowledge of this miracle soon spread throughout the land. Zeezrom was baptized and went forth to preach the gospel to the people.

Alma founded a Church organization at Sidom. He ordained priests and teachers to preside over it and to teach the members. He gave them authority to baptize whosoever wished baptism. The record states that ". . . they were many; for they did flock in from all the region round about Sidom, and were baptized" (Alma 15:14). After Alma had established the Church at Sidom, he took Amulek with him to his house in Zarahemla.

Destruction of Ammonihah

The inhabitants of Ammonihah, however, did not repent of their sins. ". . . it came to pass in the eleventh year of the reign of the judges . . . there was a cry of war heard throughout the land. For behold the armies of the Lamanites had come in upon the wilderness side, into the borders of the land, even into the city of Ammonihah, and began to slay the people and destroy the city" (Alma 16:1-2).

The prophecies of Alma and Amulek were fulfilled, for:

> . . . the people of Ammonihah were destroyed; yea, every living soul of the Ammonihahites was destroyed, and also their great city, which they said God could not destroy, because of its greatness. But behold, in one day it was left desolate. . . (Alma 16:9-10).

So terrible was the destruction that ordinary burial of the inhabitants was impossible. The Nephites piled their bodies in great heaps and provided them with a shallow covering. For many years the scent was so repulsive that no one tried to rebuild the city. Because these people of Ammonihah followed the teachings of Nehor, the place was known as the "Desolation of Nehors."

Peace Restored

After the annihilation of Ammonihah, peace was restored throughout the land. Alma and Amulek went about among the people encouraging them to understand and live the true principles of the gospel. Many others assisted in the work and the establishment of the Church became general throughout all the land. The people looked forward to the coming of their Savior.

> And many of the people did inquire concerning the place where the Son of God should come; and they were taught that he would appear unto them after his resurrection; and this the people did hear with great joy and gladness (Alma 16:20).

Questions for Discussion

1. What instances are given of Alma and Amulek using the power of the Priesthood?

2. What three things in our lives will condemn us if our hearts are hardened when we are brought before the judgment bar of God? (See Alma 12:14.)

3. What were the teachings of Alma in regard to the plan of redemption?

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 25: "Now My Brethren, We See That God Is Mindful of Every People, Whatsoever Land They May Be in; Yea, He Numbereth His People, and His Bowels of Mercy Are Over All the Earth . . . " (Alma 26:37).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, October 5, 1954

Objective: To assure us that God watches over all his children.

HOW reassuring it is to know that God is mindful of us all! To know that wherever we abide, be it in one corner of the globe or another, on the isles of the sea, in war-torn countries or under oppression, God can account for us all and is concerned for our welfare.

It is not at all strange that he is mindful of us. Are we not his very own children, created in his image, and with a spark of divinity within each one of us? Surely it is most natural for him to know our whereabouts. He is constantly willing to sustain and direct us.

Not only can we be assured that God is mindful of his children, but we can also be assured of his hearing us, if we keep the channel of prayer open. And how is this channel kept clear? Only by the righteous living of those who wish to "tune in."

Knowing that we are numbered unto him and that his mercy is extended over all the earth, makes it easier for us to accept the responsibilities and burdens we are called upon to shoulder. We know there is always one on whom we can rely, to whom we can go for guidance. We are not alone in the world. No matter how dark the clouds of discouragement and woe, we are not lost to God—we are not forgotten. It is possible to have his spirit as a constant companion. Together, we can weather any storm.

God does not always avert the calamities which are incident to the world around us and which envelop and plague us, because men *must* be free agents unto themselves. The actions of wicked men can bring suffering to many who are innocent. But the Lord can and will give us strength, faith, and comfort, if we seek them from him, so that we may live courageously.

We have heard of many instances in which individuals, under various circumstances, have felt the sustaining influence of our Heavenly Father. Many have testified that they felt his sustaining spirit during the grim experiences of war, still others receive inspiration from him amid the quiet stillness of nature. Many have found his comfort in times of illness, sorrow, and need.

Let us not be disheartened if we find that we must live amidst very trying conditions, many of which come to us for our individual development. Remember, not one of us need be far from our Heavenly Father. Only our attitudes and the conduct of our lives can keep us remote from him.

Work Meeting—Selection, Care, and Use of Household Equipment

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 1—Home Safety

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, October 12, 1954

THE expression "safe at home" does not apply to the average American household. The annual toll in human lives in the homes of the United States is about 30,000. In addition, 150,000 more are permanently disabled, and five million are temporarily disabled each year. The cost of these home accidents, in dollars alone, is near $650,000,000.

The ideal time to begin making your home safe is when you start making plans for the building of it. Many of us, however, may not be fortunate enough to have new homes, but we can learn to live safely in the homes we have.

More accidents occur in the kitchen than in any other one room. Scaldings, misuse of kitchen equipment, and falls are among the major causes of home accidents. Burns can have serious results. Avoid them by removing covers from boiling or steaming foods or from roasters and pressure cookers from the far side first, by keeping matches out of reach of children, by using a safe hot pad when handling hot dishes, and by turning handles of cooking pans in from reach of youngsters.

Next to the kitchen, the living room is the most accident-prone room in the house. Some of the accident traps here are slick floors (non-skid wax is now available), unsecured scatter rugs, worn carpets, long and worn electric cords, unprotected fireplaces, and bad furniture arrangement. Scatter rugs, with a triangular piece of inner tube, or rubber jar rings, stitched to each corner, are slip-proof. It is unwise economy to run an electric cord under the rug to a lamp on the opposite side of a room, or through a doorway to a lamp or appliance there. The cost of having extra outlets is far less than the cost of a serious accident. Fire screens are a must.

Among the age group of people sixty-five years and over, bedrooms are highest in the accident toll. The most frequent reasons are: slick floors, insufficient light, and cluttered pathways. Older people, especially, need a light at their bedside, plenty of light in the room, and a clear pathway to the door.

The bathroom contributes more than its share of accidents for its size. Inexpensive aids, such as a hand bar over the bathtub, a rubber mat in the tub, and a non-slip material for the floor help prevent serious bathroom falls. Misuse of electrical appliances in the bathroom has caused hundreds of deaths.

Stairways are often "dangerways." Falls are most frequent here. The causes of them are usually loose

carpets, insufficient light, lack of hand rails, clutter on steps, and speed.

Adequate electric wiring in your home is essential for safety as well as for efficiency in using electrical equipment. Check the wiring of your house before installing new equipment. Be assured by a competent person that the present wiring in your home can safely carry the load that will be placed on it. Fuses are the safety guards for the electric current. Never use a substitute for replacing a fuse.

More home accidents occur at mid-morning and mid-afternoon than at any other time. Homemakers would profit from a ten or fifteen minute rest period in the morning and afternoon.

Make your home a safe home by ridding it of all accident traps, then help your neighbor to do likewise.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What did home accidents cost you last year?
2. What precautions should be taken with kitchen equipment such as, butcher knives, scissors, electric irons, etc?
3. Discuss hazards of the bathroom, such as radios, heaters, etc.

Reference: "Danger Spots in Your Home," *McCall's Magazine*, January 1954, page 36.

Literature—Literature of England

Lesson 41—Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *Literature of England, II*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, pp. 464-501)

For Tuesday, October 19, 1954

Objective: To meet Carlyle and allow him to be heard, that we might absorb the power of his voice while considering the depth of his beliefs.

IN its place a picture might well be worth a thousand words; likewise the right word in the right place is worth more than a thousand pictures. In approaching Thomas Carlyle, how fully we need not only word and picture; we need also the ring of the author's voice as he boomed out his gnarled sentences of homespun wisdom, soul-shaking prophecies, and profound insights reaching deep into the human soul — deeper still into the very soul of England. Carlyle's was one of the strongest, sternest Victorian voices. While Tennyson and Macaulay were chanting in popular harmonies the theme "Zion prospers; all is well in Zion," Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold were Jeremiahs in the wilderness, warning England of the shallow, easy comfort which might well wither her soul and stunt her destiny. A study of their writings will give us a better understanding of England today.

Carlyle's Life

Carlyle was the son of a stonemason, a staunch Scotch Puritan who had an uncommon gift of forcible expression. Stern, devout but kindly, his integrity, belief in

hard work, harsh criticism of the leisure classes, distrust of the fine arts, and hatred of hypocrisy were deeply impressed upon his son Thomas.

The eldest of nine children, Thomas Carlyle so loved books and reading that his parents decided to make the necessary sacrifice to give him an education. So at the age of fourteen he walked the hundred miles from his home town of Ecclefechan to Edinburgh to begin his study for the ministry. He was not a distinguished scholar, and left school without taking a degree; he abandoned as well his father's strict religious beliefs, because he felt they curtailed his freedom as an individual. He taught school for a few years, and was tutor to the children of a wealthy family, but he hated teaching, and despised the aristocratic rich, both for their lives of ease and for their feeling of unquestioned, inherited superiority.

Throughout his life Carlyle earned for himself the lasting friendship of intelligent, strong men and women. While at school he met a young teacher, Irving, who gave him access to his vast library and who introduced him to Jane Baille Welsh, a brilliant, beautiful girl, the only daughter of a wealthy doctor. Miss Welsh aspired to a literary career and Carlyle became her confidant and literary advisor. Their lengthy correspondence is one of the most spirited and exciting in the history of love.

Poor, without any prospects, tormented by his own spiritual, political, and economic turmoils, Carlyle courted Jane for four years. In the meantime, through his readings, he discovered German literature, particularly that of Kant, Goethe, and Schiller. He supported himself by making translations of their works and by articles on German literature in the *Edinburgh Review*, the most distinguished journal of the day. The philosophy of the Germans regarding the significance of the spiritual attributes of all things, appealed strongly to Carlyle. Goethe was one of his great life-passions, and, perhaps more than any other man, Carlyle is responsible for bringing to the English people an appreciation of Goethe and the contemporary German writers. Yet, save for Coleridge and John Stuart Mill, Carlyle had no use for his fellow English writers.

In 1826, at the age of thirty-one, his courtship was successful, for Miss Welsh finally accepted his proposal of marriage. She was intensely loyal to her husband throughout the forty years of their marriage, but she also was a dynamic individualist and the humors and distempers of their married life have become proverbial. Their home was the center of a loyal circle of friends. Both the Carlyles were noted for their brilliant conversation, yet, as Tennyson noted, "Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle on the whole enjoyed life together else they would not have chafed one another so heartily."

No children were born to their marriage. Mrs. Carlyle died in 1866, at the height of Carlyle's fame and influence. From that moment he was incurably lonely and disconsolate, and old age was upon him. As part of her epitaph he wrote that when she had suddenly been snatched from him "the light of my life had gone out."

A Perry Picture

THOMAS CARLYLE
1795-1881

Sartor Resartus

Two years after their marriage, the Carlyles retired for six years to Craigenputtock, Mrs. Carlyle's inherited farm. It was so isolated that for as much as three months on end no other human passed by or came to their door. During this period Carlyle wrote "passionately," and very slowly on his greatest work, *Sartor Resartus* (The Tailor Retailored).

In approaching *Sartor Resartus*—in approaching Carlyle and the Victorian Age, we should remind ourselves how basic, how modern (really how timeless) are the problems dealt with. That which plagued Carlyle, today, plagues us still. Carlyle felt the greatest threat to England's future was materialism — the insane lust for things; money and gadget-worship; and greed. "The modern hell," said Carlyle, "is the fear of not succeeding," and today, 120 years later, his definition of hell is not less modern, but only more intense and terrible. Further, success now, as then, is popularly measured in things, not thoughts, in prosperity rather than in inner peace.

Carlyle's self-discovery began from his awareness that things as they appear on the surface are vastly different from things are they really are. For Carlyle clothes do *not* make the man. We should not forsake our divine, inherent sense of right and wrong and slip into the easy, comfortable sloth of judging either the physical world or people by surface appearance only. Carlyle asks us to search constantly for the spiritual reality beneath. Thus, in this great satire on *clothing*, Carlyle but reaffirms age-old truths: that language is the clothing of thought; the body is the clothing of the soul; and the universe is "the living Garment of God woven upon the roaring looms of time."

In the first section, "The Everlasting No," (text, pp. 466-470) Carlyle, speaking as Diogenes Teufelsdrockh, (Toy'fuls-drock) a German professor, recounts his spiritual growing pains. He has lost his simple faith of childhood and passed into a state of doubt, denial, and unbelief. Listen to Carlyle's full tones and living words as he expresses his feelings in "The Everlasting No":

. . . Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I then lived in. The men and women around me, even speaking with me, were but Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets and as-

semblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle. Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil; for a Hell, as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were more frightful: but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief, the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death! Why was the Living banished thither companionless, conscious? (page 469, lines 9-33).

And how bitterly Carlyle chides himself (and his fellow-Englishmen) when tempted to ignore the struggle and values of the divine spirit within, and succumb without complaint to self-righteous happiness merely because he is healthy, well-fed, and prosperous. Read the following words for the masterpiece of ironical statement which they are:

. . . Is the heroic inspiration we name Virtue but some Passion; some bubble of the blood, bubbling in the direction others profit by? I know not: only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull unimaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases of the Liver! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build our stronghold: there brandishing our frying-pan as censor, let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the fat things he has provided for his Elect! (page 467, lines 53-66).

In Carlyle's own words, when did written thought ever come "more direct and flaming from the heart of a living man?" Although Carlyle was thus submerged by the "Everlasting No" of his own disbelief, despair, and materialistic greed everywhere about him, still he refused to succumb. In a magnificent triumph over his whining, whimpering self, he achieved a surging, majestic tone of "indignation and grim, fire-eyed defiance." It is in this roaring, fearless clarion-call that the immortal Carlyle speaks — Carlyle, the arch-enemy of easy wealth and spiritual smugness — Carlyle, champion of the Divinity in man, hard-working, thick-knuckled, fearless and free amid the mysteries of an affirming, benevolent universe.

Though the following paragraphs are not in our text, they are useful to us since they summarize Carlyle, peasant and poet, at the same moment both clay and cloud:

Two men I honor, and no third, First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepter of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, be-soiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of Man living manlike. . . . Yet toil on, toil on: thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring towards inward Harmony? . . . If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These, two, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Herein we find the typical "carlylese."

As opposed to the "Everlasting No," Carlyle further proposes his gospel of work:

> Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of the impossible Precept, *Know thyself;* till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at* (page 468, lines 55-60).

The following paragraph is from "Labor":

> For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. . . . (page 491, lines 1-6).

Realizing then that our whole daily life is spiritual, Carlyle, "in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis" protests against the negative values of life, affirming the "Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and Freedom" (page 479, lines 68-70). But to be true to his best self Carlyle would have man deny war, greed, materialism, love of ease and pleasure, and accomplish "The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of Self" (page 477, lines 40-41). Then man is ready to catch:

> . . . a glimpse of it! . . . there is in man a *Higher* than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same *Higher* that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priests, in all times, have spoken and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? . . . By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the *Everlasting Yea*, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him (page 479, lines 60-70; 77-85).

For Carlyle, "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action." But action, or work, should not be aimless, but a fulfillment of man's sense of Duty to the highest concepts of which he is capable. "'*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*' which thou knowest to be a Duty!" But Duty cannot be to some vague, distant Ideal, but to the here and now:

> Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of . . . O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see! . . . Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it, in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work (page 481, lines 24-31; 33-38; 58-65).

During the "hungry Forties," with the great potato famine in Ireland, two fears constantly hung over England like a pall: the fear of plague and disease, brought on by starvation and poor working conditions, and the fear that the mob

would rise against the wealthy, ruling classes. Increasingly Carlyle fought for the rights of the exploited working classes, but he also became more strongly convinced that the masses could never be trusted to improve their own sordid lot — indeed Carlyle blamed the trend toward democracy as the cause of England's suffering. This conviction that England could be saved only by the emergence of a great leader became increasingly vital to Carlyle.

In 1837 he published his great *History of the French Revolution*, (Excerpts, text, pp. 482-484) presenting in France's disaster the living horror of what might happen to England if the mass population ever got out of hand. Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship*, a series of lectures in 1840, again stated his belief in the need of a strong leader behind whom the people of England could mass their strength.

In 1843 his *Past and Present* (text, pp. 485-501) reaffirmed Carlyle's belief in the gospel of work and deeds (pp. 486-488), and his admiration for the fundamental English virtue of obeying that "inner feeling of what is true" (page 488).

Of the many Victorian voices which gave England balance and bound her down to stern realities in an era of grave doubts and severe growing pains, both industrially and politically, Carlyle's stature and unyielding integrity dominate the period. A contemporary giant, a peasant and, at the same time, a firm believer in artistocracy, patient, penetrating, and fearless, Thomas Carlyle still remains one of the living attributes to the tenacity and spiritual strength of the English peoples.

Questions for Discussion

1. Prove that Carlyle loved England.
2. What was Carlyle's "Everlasting No"? His "Everlasting Yea"?
3. Discuss Carlyle as an aristocrat; as a peasant.
4. After thus sampling the style of his writing, discuss his personality and character.
5. What did Carlyle believe? What did he fear?

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Lesson 8—Fundamental and Basic Principles and The Preamble to the Constitution

Elder Albert R. Bowen

Texts: Findlay, Bruce and Esther: *Your Rugged Constitution*; Norton, Thomas James: *The Constitution of the United States, Its Sources and Its Application*

For Tuesday, October 26, 1954

Objective: To consider the purposes of a constitution as the foundation of government and the manner in which those purposes are defined and provided for in the Constitution of the United States. Also to consider the purposes uppermost in the minds of the founding fathers in drafting the Constitution of the United States.

Four Purposes of a Constitution

IT is generally agreed by students of government that constitutions have four essential purposes. The *first* of these is the establishment of the offices and divisions of government and the definition of the powers of each division and office. Thus

in the case of the Constitution of the United States, Articles I, II, and III provide for the Legislative, the Executive, and Judicial Departments respectively. Over ninety per cent of our Constitution is devoted to the establishment of these three great departments and the definition of their functions and powers.

Second, a constitution usually, if not always, states the source from which the government it creates, derives its power. The Constitution of the United States boldly locates this source of power in the people themselves. It establishes Congress as a representative body without attempting to outline the method by which Congress shall be elected. This is left for the individual states to determine.

Third, the Constitution of the United States establishes and defines the civil rights of the American citizens and sets up the machinery for their protection and vindication. These civil rights are declarations of fundamental individual rights, with which government is prohibited from interfering. Among those named are the rights of religious liberty, freedom of speech and assembly, and others to which reference will be made.

The *fourth* function of a constitution is to make provision for changes by orderly and free methods. In the case of the American Constitution, such change is brought about by the method of amendment as set out in Article V.

The framers of the Constitution made provision for a government which is unique in many respects. Evidence of their genius is manifest in the reconciliation and compromises which they were able to achieve and resolve by charting new, untried ideas. The American Constitution was indeed a new experiment in government for which there was no pattern to turn to as a guide. There was no governmental structure in existence to serve as a model, and many of the framers' ideas had never before been conceived, much less tried.

Federal System of Government

What is generally conceded to be the most striking innovation under the American Constitution was its creation of a federal system for the new American state.

By federal system is meant the creation of a dual government. Every citizen of the United States is subjected to the jurisdiction of two governments, with the single exception of citizens residing in the District of Columbia. Citizens are subject to two sets of laws, dual legislative, executive, and judicial departments. In the national field, within the framework of the powers enumerated and granted to the National Government, a citizen is subject to federal law and jurisdiction. In the state field, he is at one and the same time also subject to state law and jurisdiction within the state in which he lives or transacts business. Allegiance is owed by every American to both governments, with the single exception above noted. He pays his taxes to both and participates in elections conducted by each. He may commit an act which is a crime under federal law, but which may not be at all illegal under state law, or vice versa.

The framers had a reason for creating this dual system. They purposely provided that the states

should be the main centers of administration and legislation. Matters pertaining to local interest, such as property rights, suffrage, personal rights, and civil and criminal offenses, were, in the main, left to the states to administer and control. Matters pertaining to interstate and foreign commerce, relations with foreign nations and states, national defense, coinage, and other matters of national interest and importance, were given to the National Government to administer and control.

It would have been impossible, at the time the Constitution was written, to have organized a centralized and unified national government such as developed in England. In the first place, England is small in area and homogeneous in population. America is tremendously greater in area and complexity. By providing for the administration of local affairs in each state, the peculiar needs of each locality within state boundaries may develop a government best suited to its conditions and requirements.

Another important feature of the federal system, as we know it under our Constitution, is that by leaving legislation and administration of local matters in local hands, the need for a vast governmental machine in Washington was eliminated. Even so, the personnel of the National Government has continued to grow and expand at an alarming rate. Without the federal system of national and local control existing side by side, the vastness of the federal machinery of Government would be immeasurably greater than it now is.

The system of states furthermore lends to the fostering of the important principle of self-government. Each state government offers a laboratory in government for all to see. From each one the best ideas may be taken and incorporated in the others.

Separation of Powers

Perhaps the second most important principle of government found in our Constitution is that which is known as "the separation of powers." That is to say, the powers and functions of government are not united in any one department or division of the state. On the other hand, they are divided among the three great co-ordinate branches of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Departments. Under the English system a struggle went on for centuries to determine whether the Crown (the executive) or Parliament (the legislative) would be supreme. Parliament finally established itself in the position of primacy.

The founding fathers were extremely suspicious of the power of government, and in drafting the Constitution took pains to see to it that one division should not dominate and control the others. These divisions or departments are so set up as to act as a check upon one another. Nothing is actually said in the Constitution about the separation of powers, but this principle is implicit in the provisions for separate and distinct divisions or departments. There is much merit to the philosophy of separation. It tends to prevent one department, which might seek to carry out policies which are bad, from being able readily to do so. Thus if Congress attempts to pass legislation which is bad for the country,

it may be vetoed by the President, and, thus be prevented from becoming law, unless re-enacted by a two-thirds majority which may override a Presidential veto. The provision to override is likewise wholesome, because it prevents a President from blocking, at his whim, a legislative program which perhaps a vast majority of the people and public opinion may be in favor of having enacted. Many such examples could be cited to show the usefulness of dividing the powers of government in such a way as to prevent domination by one segment of it.

It must be admitted that there are some weaknesses in this system. In times of crisis when prompt and decisive action is called for, the government cannot act as quickly as might be desirable to meet a sudden emergency.

On the whole, it can be said that the advantages of the constitutional separation of powers far outweigh the disadvantages, and during the whole period of our national existence it has had sufficient flexibility to meet every test encountered.

People Source of Power

In the beginning of this lesson, reference was made to the pronouncement of the Constitution that the people of the United States are the source of the powers of Government. It is not stated in the Constitution itself, in explicit language, that the Government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, but the principle of popular sovereignty is implicit in the system which it created. The Tenth Amendment declares that all powers not expressly granted to the National Government are reserved to the states or the people. The language of the Constitution and its amendments which deal with individual rights and their protection are conclusive evidence that the people are the source of political power. The choice of members of Congress is expressly given to the "people" and not to the states. The Amendments to the Constitution which followed the Bill of Rights (first Ten Amendments) forbid the restriction of suffrage based upon race, color, previous condition of servitude, or sex. Thus the right of the people to control the machinery of government is protected, and the principle of popular government established beyond question.

Military Power Subject to Civilian Control

In another very important sense the Constitution provides for the protection of popular government by establishing the principle that the military power shall be subject to civilian control. The colonists were firm adherents of this principle. It was deeply imbedded in English political thought by the time the colonies were established. Under the Constitution, the command of the armed forces is firmly placed in the hands of the President, which office is civil and not military. Also, the Constitution provides that Congress may not appropriate funds for military purposes for more than two years in advance. The right of the states to maintain a militia was recognized, and its command belongs to the governors of the respective states except when called into the service of the United States.

Civilian Control of Government Paramount

In addition, the right of the people to keep and bear arms was preserved as a means of preventing any military group from organizing and seizing power over the people. The right of all individuals to be indicted by the grand jury proceeding and forbidding the denial of the right of *habeas corpus* (See *Your Rugged Constitution*, page 95), when coupled with all the other safeguards of individual liberty, insure that civilian control of government shall remain paramount at all times. The only circumstance under which military control may be exercised is in time of war or national peril when the exigencies of national safety demand it.

A serious and careful study of the Constitution of the United States can lead to only one conclusion—its authors were indeed endowed with a special kind of wisdom and sagacity. To Latter-day Saints and, indeed, to most Americans, this marvelous and wonderful charter of liberty can only be accounted for as the work of divine providence.

The Preamble to the Constitution

(*Your Rugged Constitution*, pp. 2-12; *The Constitution of the United States, Its Sources and Its Application*, pp. 1-6)

The Constitution has a preface which is called "The Preamble." It is a statement of the purpose of the writing which follows.

The language of The Preamble to the Constitution is remarkable. The wording is so significant that it deserves to be set out verbatim.

WE THE PEOPLE of the United States in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America.

The first seven words of the Preamble boldly announce the people to be the sole source of authority by which this new Government was to be created. Never before in history had a people assumed to act for itself in the creation of a government through representatives of its own choosing.

Not only was a people acting in the creation of a government but the action was purposeful. The words enunciating the purpose have a ring of determination and reflect deep understanding of the place and function of government among men. One purpose, and the most imperative, was to "form a more perfect Union." The weakness and impotence of the existing government under the Articles of Confederation (see lesson 5) was a threat to the very existence of the nation. It was paramount that those defects should be abolished and that effective government should be established in place of the existing order. However, this government was not only to have strength and stability, in addition and quite as important, it was to "establish Justice and insure domestic Tranquility." It was to be a government of laws and not of men, where all citizens would enjoy equal opportunity. The rights of all citizens were to be protected by a system of law courts which had not existed under the Confederation. Attention has already been directed to the fact that lack of a federal judiciary was an important reason for the impotence of the Confederation. Furthermore, by insuring internal peace and security

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..... Bless This House—Brahe ..... .16
..... Eternal Life—Dungan ..... .15
..... God Painted A Picture—De Rose ..... .20
..... Grant Me, Dear Lord, Deep Peace of Mind—Stickles ..... .16
..... How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings—Smart ..... .16
..... If Ye Love, Keep My Commandments—Madsen ..... .20
..... Incline Your Ear—Wilkes ..... .18
..... Jubilate Deo—Mozart ..... .15
..... King of Glory—Parks ..... .20
..... Lord Is My Shepherd—Smart ..... .15
..... Open Our Eyes—Macfarlane ..... .25
..... Thanks Be To God—Dickson ..... .16

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("domestic Tranquility") the citizens under this government were to be assured the right to pursue the opportunity of realizing any lawful and moral ambition without interference or fear that the fruits of honest toil would be destroyed or impaired by assault from within.

Since the nation was beset at that time, and would, perhaps, be threatened in the future from abroad, it was of paramount importance to make provision for "the common defence." This would be assured by uniting the powers of the nation in a national government capable and strong enough to meet all such outside threats.

Great arguments and debates have been made concerning the meaning of the phrase "promote the general Welfare." Since the The Preamble itself is not a part of the Constitution, no grant of power can be construed to flow from it. As stated before, The Preamble is merely an announcement of the purpose to be achieved by the authors in setting up a new government. In order to find out the powers of government conferred by the Constitution, it is necessary to study the seven articles the Constitution contains. In order for Congress to legislate for the "general Welfare," the power so to legislate must be found in the Constitution itself.

The purpose, closest of all to the framers' hearts, of the new government being created by the Constitution was to "secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity."

A long and costly war had been fought for those liberties. They were to be guaranteed and preserved. The new government was

to make sure that those liberties should not be lost or destroyed. Examination and study of the seven articles of the Constitution provide eloquent confirmation of the wisdom and foresight of its authors.

Questions on the Lesson

1. What are the four essential and major purposes of a constitution?
2. For what reasons was the Constitution a unique experiment in government?
3. What is meant by a "federal" system of government? Why is the Government of the United States such a system?
4. What are the advantages of a "federal" system?
5. What is meant by the phrase "separation of powers"? What are its advantages in a republican or democratic form of government? What are its disadvantages?
6. What is a preamble?
7. From what source does the Government of the United States derive its powers? Name some of the provisions of the Constitution which ensure control of the Government by the people?
8. What were the primary purposes in drafting the Constitution of the United States?

The Lighted Lamp

Josephine J. Harvey

There are storms
That crash and thunder
Leaving me wind-tossed
And lost.

In the stillness
Beyond the darkness
When quiet moments come,
I hear the echoes
Of immortal melodies
And the flame of faith
Burns ever constant.

I can gather strength of life
From eternal whisperings,
And though I cannot see the mountains
Through the storm,
I know that they are there.
And it is love that lights the lamp,
Dispelling blackness from my way.

Desert Morning

Enola Chamberlin

Slowly the dark surrenders,
Reluctant stars take flight.
A red and silver javelin
Pierces the heart of night.

The dawn-cool fragrance rises
From wild verbena blooms.
The wind awakes to whisper
In the desert willow's plumes.

The cactus petals quiver
To the timid cry of the wren
And life holds a wave of gladness,
For morning has come again.

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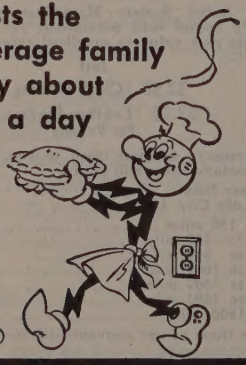

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Twilight

Catherine B. Bowles

The golden sun sets in the west,
The gentle breeze, a cool wind blows;
The twilight lingers; time to rest
As the day comes to a close.

The golden sunset comes in life,
The gentle breezes pass you by.
The twilight comes, and night is near;
Life travels on, and rest is here.

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